

Thos. Boys.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

With the LIFE of the AUTHOR, and Explanatory
Notes never before published.

THE FIFTH EDITION.



Duff sc.

DUBLIN:
Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame street.
M,DCC,LXXX.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.
VOL. III.
CONTAINING HIS

CANDIDATE,
FAREWELL,
TIMES,
GOTHAM,

INDEPENDENCE,
JOURNEY,
NOTES.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead ;
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r !)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there ;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the churchyard whilst his dinner's drest,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies ;
Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives !)
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill lives !

CANDIDATE.

DUBLIN:
Printed for W. WILSON, No. 6, Dame-street.
M,DCC,LXXX.



THE
CANDIDATE.

A 2



T H E
C A N D I D A T E.

ENOUGH of *Actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut,
and stare.

GARRICK abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful GARRICK! when these *tasty* days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise,
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears,
When, in return for labour, time and health,
The Town had giv'n some little share of wealth,
Could'st Thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st Thou presume t'enjoy that wealth She gave?
Could'st Thou repine at laws ordain'd by Those,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes,
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By need made tradesmen, Pride had Bankrupts made,
Whom Fear made Drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom Drink made Wits, tho' Nature made them
Fools?

With Such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage, but Men of real Sense
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,
Shall own Thee clear, or pass an act of grace
Since Thou hast left a POWELL in thy place.

6 THE CANDIDATE.

Enough of *Authors*—why, when Scribblers fail,
 Must other Scribblers spread the hateful tale,
 Why must they pity, why contempt express,
 And why insult a Brother in distress?
 Let Those, who boast th' uncommon gift of brains,
 The Laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains,
 Fresh on their brows for ages let It bloom,
 And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
 Let Those, who without Genius write, and write,
 Versemen or Prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
 The Pen laid down, their course of Folly run,
 In peace, unread, unmention'd be undone.
 Why should I tell to cross the will of fate,
 That FRANCIS once endeavour'd to translate?
 Why, sweet Oblivion winding round his head,
 Should I recal poor MURPHY from the dead?
 Why may not LANGHORNE, simple in his lay,
Effusion on *Effusion* pour away,
 With *Friendship*, and with *Fancy* trifle here,
 Or sleep in *Pastoral* at BELVIDERE?
 Sleep let them all, with DULLNESS on her throne,
 Secure from any malice, but their own.

Enough of *Critics*—let them, if they please,
 Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
 Wide and extensive be their infant State,
 Their Subjects many, and those subjects great,
 Whilst all their mandates as sound Law succeed,
 With Fools who write, and greater fools who read.
 What, tho' they lay the realms of Genius waste,
 Fetter the Fancy, and debauch the Taste;

Tho



THE CANDIDATE. 7

Tho' They, like Doctors, to approve their skill,
 Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
 Tho, by whim, envy, or resentment led,
 They damn those authors whom they never read,
 Tho' other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
 To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
 Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned close intrigues,
 Against the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
 Uncensur'd let them Pilot at the helm,
 And, rule in Letters, as they rul'd the realm.
 Ours be the curse, the mean, tame Coward's curse,
 (Nor could Ingenious Malice make a worse,
 To do our Sense, and Honour deep despite)
 To credit what they say, read what They write.

Enough of *Scotland*—let her rest in peace,
 The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
 Why should I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
 And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
 Burst o'er his banks, and, by destruction led,
 O'er our fair ENGLAND desolation spread,
 Whilst riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
 In tenfold pride the port of Bute assum'd,
 Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
 And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
 Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
 In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides.

Enough of *States*, and such like trifling things;
 Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;
 Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd Statesmen lie,
 Spread the Court web, and catch the Patriot fly;

3 THE CANDIDATE.

Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontroul'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the Throne.

Enough of *Patriots*—all I ask of man
Is only to be honest as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the Fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by Opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine—*Persevere*.
Should They (which Heav'n forbid) to win the
grace
Of some proud Courtier, or to gain a place,
'Their King and Country Sell, with endless shame
Th' avenging Muse shall mark each trait'rous name;
But if, to Honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country shall their fame record,
And I Myself descend to praise a Lord.

Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
ENGLAND may prove ungrateful and unjust,
But fost'ring FRANCE shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave debt which Gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When

THE CANDIDATE. 9

When the great Warriour of Amilcar's race
 Made ROME's wide Empire tremble to her base,
 To prove her Virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
 ROME gave that fame which CARTHAGE had
 denied.

Enough of *Self*—that darling, luscious theme,
 O'er which Philosophers in raptures dream ;
 On which with seeming disregard they write,
 Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight
 Vain proof of Folly tinctur'd strong with pride !
 What Man can from himself himself divide ?
 For Me (nor dare I lie) my leading aim,
 (Conscience first satisfied) is love of Fame,
 Some little Fame deriv'd from some brave few,
 Who prizing Honour, prize her Vot'ries too.
 Let All (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
 Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,
 So Those (the greatest curse I meet below)
 Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
 Let none of Those, whom bless'd with parts above
 My feeble Genius, still I dare to love,
 Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
 And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
 Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
Know all the World, no greedy heir shall find,
 Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
 Let none of Those, whom I despise tho' great,
 Pretending Friendship to give malice weight,
 Publish my life ; let no false, sneaking peer
 (Some such there are) to win the public ear,

10 THE CANDIDATE.

Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor foul gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of Bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead ;
Let It (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there ;
And when, on travel bound, some rhiming guest
Roams thro' the Church-yard, whilst his Dinner's
dress'd,
Let It hold up this Comment to his eyes ; -
Life to the last enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies ;
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my Works, he cries — *here* Churchill lives.

Enough of *Satire*—in less harden'd times,
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhimes.
I've read of Men, beyond Man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave,
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms,
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They saw transmitted down from age to age,
Recorded Villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
Succeeding Villains fought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend:
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which strike all Honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a Court;
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn,
When

THE CANDIDATE. 11

When She is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all Virtue dead, is dead to shame,
When Prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new World, than reform the old,
SATIRE throws by her arrows on the ground,
And, if She cannot cure, She will not wound.

Come PANEGYRICK—tho' the MUSE disdains,
Founded on 'Truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no God but Gold,
Yet, mindful that from heav'n She drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come, PANEGYRICK—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
'Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
Whilst, HAYTER brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a Subject, and Mankind a friend.

Come, PANEGYRICK—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy pow'r my soul is proud to own,
Be Thou my kind Protector, Thou my Guide,
And lead me safe thro' passes yet untry'd.

Broad

12 THE CANDIDATE.

Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of *Satire* leads mankind;
Narrow, and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to Praise,

What tho' no theme I chuse of vulgar note,
Nor wish to write, as Brother Bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their Patrons from a dream,
What tho' a theme I chuse, which might demand
The nicest touches of a Master's hand,
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The Poet praising, and the Patron prais'd.

What Patron shall I chuse? shall public voice,
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of STOWE,
Or, seeking Patriots, to friend WILDMAN's go?

To WILDMAN's, cried DISCRETION (who had
heard
Close-standing at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To WILDMAN's! art Thou mad? can'st Thou
be sure

One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not All (let Observation tell)
All mark'd in Characters as black as Hell,
In *Doomsday* book by Ministers set down,
Who stile their pride the honour of the crown?

Make

THE CANDIDATE. 13

Make no reply—let Reason stand aloof—

—Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.

That settled Faith, that Love which ever springs

In the best Subjects, for the best of Kings,

Must not be measur'd now, by what Men think,

Or say, or do—by what They eat, and drink,

Where, and with whom, that Question's to be try'd,

And Statesmen are the Judges to decide;

No Juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,

They, facts confess, in themselves vest the law.

Each dish at WILDMAN's of sedition smacks;

Blasphemy may be Gospel at ALMACK's.

Peace, good DISCRETION, peace—thy fears are
vain;

Ne'er will I herd with WILDMAN's factious train,

Never the vengeance of the great incur,

Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.

If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,

Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;

Dost Thou one Parson know, so void of grace

To pay his court to Patrons out of place.

If still you doubt (tho' scarce a doubt remains)

Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;

There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,

A Convert made by SANDWICH to the Court:

Let Mad-men follow error to the end,

I, of mistakes convinc'd, am proud to mend,

Strive to act better, being better taught,

Nor blush to own that change, which Reason

wrought.

For

14 THE CANDIDATE.

For such a change as this, must Justice speak
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one Man, or set of Men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;
My Country ask'd, or seem'd to ask my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any Man do more,
And have not greater Patriots chang'd before)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less)
Without a single blush, that change confess,
Confess it with a manly kind of Pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side,
Granting, whilst virtuous SANDWICH holds the
rein,
What BUTE for ages might have sought in vain.

Hail, SANDWICH,—nor shall WILKES resent-
ment shew

Hearing the praises of so brave a foe —

Hail, SANDWICH,—nor, thro' pride, shalt Thou
refuse

The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse —

SANDWICH, *All Hail* — when BUTE with foreign
hand,

Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land,
When *Scots*, or slaves to *Scotsmen* steer'd the helm,
When Peace, inglorious Peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
But when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd,

When,

THE CANDIDATE. 15

When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head ;
When, like a MARS (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw Thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect Connoisseur in Statemanship ;
When, like another MACHIAVEL, we saw
Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy Mercy, pleas'd to spare,
Saw Thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come
might)

To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right ;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What Virtues such as thine must needs produce.

Thy Foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit ; thy Friends (some Few,
Who, friends to Thee, are Friends to Honour too)
Plead thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
And bring this free will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.

From his youth upwards to the present day,
When Vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When

16 THE CANDIDATE.

When riotous excess with wasteful hand
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
LOTHARIO, holding Honour at no price,
Folly to Folly added, Vice to Vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.

Where (Reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was Mirth, Obscenity was Sense,
Where Impudence made Decency submit,
Where Noise was Humour, and where Whim was
Wit,

Where rude, untemper'd License had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
LOTHARIO was, with justice, always first.

To whip a Top, to knuckle down at Taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at Push-Pin with dull brother Peers,
To belch out Catches in a Porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's Oracle,
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore,
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, Encore,
Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of Watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted Moon,
To walk with torches thro' the streets at noon,

To

To force plain nature from her usual way,
 Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
 To match for speed one Feather 'gainst another,
 To make one leg run races with his brother,
 'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
 BUTE to ride first, and He to ride behind,
 To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
 Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
 LOTHARIO, on that stock which Nature gives,
 Without a rival stands, tho' MARCH yet lives.

When FOLLY, (at that name, in duty bound,
 Let subject Myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
 Whilst They who, in the presence, upright stand,
 Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
 Queen ev'ry where, but most a Queen in Courts,
 Sent forth her heralds, and proclaimed her sports,
 Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
 And prove her right to reign from age to age,
 LOTHARIO, great above the common size,
 With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
 Her cap he wears, which from his Youth he wore,
 And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
 Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
 Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
 And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
 Observe his Follies well, and You would swear
 Folly had been his first, his only care;
 Observe his Vices, You'll that oath disown,
 And swear that he was born for Vice alone.

18 THE CANDIDATE.

Is the soft Nature of some easy Maid
 Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd,
 Must She, to Virtue lost, be lost to fame,
 And He, who wrought her guilt, declare her shame?
 Is some brave Friend, who, men but little known,
 Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
 And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
 'To be ensnar'd and ruin'd with a smile?
 Is Law to be perverted from her course?
 Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
 Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son,
 Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
 Is base Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
 To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
 With regular approaches, sure tho' slow,
 Or must she perish by a single blow?
 Are Kings who trust to servants, and depend
 In servants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend
 'To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
 In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
 Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
 His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
 His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
 His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd?
 Are Debauchees in Morals to preside,
 Is faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
 Is Science by a Blockhead to be led?
 Are States to totter on a Drunkard's head?
 'To answer all these purposes, and more,
 More black than ever Villain plann'd before,
 Search Earth, search Hell, the Devil cannot find
 An Agent, like *LOTHARIO*, to his mind.

THE CANDIDATE. 19

Is this Nobility, which, sprung from Kings,
Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it
springs?

Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit;
Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two (search all the world around)
Were there but two such Nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and Man would rather be a worm,
Than be a Lord; but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth, and titles to debase,
Made only One, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor stopp'd She there, but like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which Error caus'd, She strove to mend,
And, having brought LOTHARIO forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth SANDWICH too.

Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great Ones in the state
Practice on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To Titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that Virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight alas! more rare
Than honesty could wish) the Noble wear
His Father's honours, when his life makes known,
They're his by Virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his Father from the grave,
And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave.
Cur'd of her splenetic and fullen fits,
To such a Peer my willing soul submits,

And

20 THE CANDIDATE.

And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such (for that Truth e'en Envy shall allow)
Such WYNDHAM was, and such is SANDWICH now.

O gentle MONTAGUE, in blessed hour
Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r ;
ENGLAND of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was One displeas'd.
FRANCE heard the news, and told it *Cousin* SPAIN ;
SPAIN heard, and told it *Cousin* FRANCE again ;
The HOLLANDER relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villainies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore ;
Aw'd by thy fame (which winds with open mouth,
Shall blow from East to West, from North to South)
The western world shall yield us her increase,
And her wild Sons be soften'd into peace ;
Rich Eastern Monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores,
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And *all acquir'd by honourable means* ;
Some *honourable Chief* shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.
NABOBS themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown,
Shall freely as their King our King receive —
PROVIDED, *the Directors give them leave.*

Union at home shall mark each rising year
Nor taxes be complain'd of, tho' severe,

Envy

Envy her own destroyer shall become,
 And Faction with her thousand mouths be dumb,
 With the meek man thy Meekness shall prevail,
 Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail,
 Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
 And some be converts to thy princely Wit,
 Rev'rence for Thee shall still a Nation's cries,
 A grand concurrence crown a grand excise,
 And Unbelievers of the first degree
 Who have no faith in God, have faith in Thee.

When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
 Possess'd the region of each heated brain,
 When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
 And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
 When Commonwealth's-men, starting at the shade
 Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
 Of Tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
 And with State-bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
 When Others, struck with Fancies not less vain,
 Saw mighty Kings by their own subjects slain,
 And, in each friend of Liberty and Law,
 With horror big a future CROMWELL saw;
 Thy manly zeal stepp'd forth, bade discord cease,
 And sung each jarring atom into peace.
 LIBERTY cheer'd by thy all-chearing eye,
 Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die,
 And, patroniz'd by Thee, PREROGATIVE,
 Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live,
 Whilst PRIVILEGE, hung betwixt earth and sky,
 Shall not well know, whether to live, or die.

When

22 THE CANDIDATE.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
 And seem'd to totter, COMMERCE shiv'ring stood ;
 When CREDIT, building on a sandy shore,
 Saw the sea swell, and heard the Tempest roar,
 Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
 Or saw, or fancied that She saw her grave ;
 When PROPERTY, transferr'd from hand to hand,
 Weak'ned by change, crawl'd sickly thro' the land ;
 When mutual Confidence was at an end,
 And Man no longer could on Man depend ;
 Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
 When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state ;
 When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
 A Sponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
 That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
 And pay off all our debts, by paying none ;
 Like England's better Genius, born to bless,
 And snatch his sinking country from distress,
 Did'st Thou step forth, and without sail or oar,
 Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore,
 Nor shalt Thou quit, till anchor'd firm, and fast,
 She rides-secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast !

Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
 Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
 By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
 Yet more by pattern, than by precept taught,
 OECONOMY her needful aid shall join
 To forward, and compleat thy grand design,
 And, warm to save, but yet with Spirit warm,
 Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.

Let

Let Friends of Prodigals say what they will,
 Spendthrifts at home, abroad are Spendthrifts still.
 In vain have sly and subtle Sophists tried
 Private from public Justice to divide,
 For Credit on each other they rely,
 They live together, and together die.
 'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
 High Treason in the eye of Common Sense,
 To think a Statesman ever can be known
 To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
 But now, tho' late, now may we hope to see
 Our debts discharg'd, our Credit fair and free,
 Since rigid Honesty, fair fall that hour,
 Sits at the helm, and SANDWICH is in pow'r.
 With what delight I view the wond'rous Man,
 With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
 That plan which All with wonder must behold,
 And stamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here—That Discord fled,
 And sought with grief the hell where She was bred;
 That Faction, 'gainst her Nature forc'd to yield,
 Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
 Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
 Her Fools turn'd speakers, and her Wits struck
 dumb;

That our most bitter Foes (so much depends
 On Men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
 That our offended Friends (such terror flows
 From Men of name) dare not appear our foes;
 That Credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
 And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,

Grows

24 THE CANDIDATE.

Grows stronger from disease; that Thou hast sav'd
 Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
 On plates of brass defies the rage of time;
 Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred Rhime
 Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
 And gives Thee what the Muse alone can give;
 These heights of virtue, these rewards of Fame,
 With Thee in common other Patriots claim.

But that poor, sickly SCIENCE, who had laid,
 And droop'd for years beneath neglect's cold shade,
 By those who knew her purposely forgot,
 And made the jest of those who knew her not,
 Whilst Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
 Clad like a Priest, pass'd by on t'other side,
 Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
 Puts on new health, and cloathes herself with
 strength,

To Thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand
 Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land.
 This praise, tho' in a court, and near a throne,
 This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the Goddess smile,
 What blessings did she promise to this Isle,
 What honour to herself, and length of reign!
 Soon as She heard, that Thou did'st not disdain
 To be her Steward; but what grief, what shame,
 What rage, what disappointment shook her frame,
 When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
 When Youth was insolent, and Age was mute.

That

'That young Men should be fools, and some wild
few,

To Wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too,
Mov'd not her wonder, but that Men, grown grey
In search of Wisdom, Men who own'd the sway
Of Reason, Men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion, Men who wore the gown,
That They should cross her will, That They
should dare

Against the cause of int'rest to declare,
That They should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, scorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all those honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state,
That They should dare a HARDWICK to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar Conscience, who undone,
And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, This made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward Sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on CAM's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of Nature, birth, and place,
Tho' DULLNESS there unrivall'd State *doth* keep
Would She at WINCHESTER with BURTON sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean
Rather than bear such insults, She would fly
Far, far beyond the search of *Englisch* eye,

26 THE CANDIDATE.

And reign amongst the SCOTS ; to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in ABERDEEN.

O, stay thy flight, fair SCIENCE ; what tho' some,
Some base-born children Rebels are become,
All are not Rebels ; some are duteous still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will ;
Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone
Who either know not, or oppose their own.

Of Stubborn Virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marshall'd by form, and by Discretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and SMITH is at their head,
Black SMITH of TRINITY ; on Christian ground
For Faith in Mysteries none more renown'd.

Next (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next, if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes PANDARUS, but comes without his Niece.
Her, wretched Maid ! committed to his trust,
To a rank Letcher's coarse and bloated lust,
The Arch, old, hoary Hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.

But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on Men, who, in a College bred,
No Women knew, but those which made their bed,
Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still Male Virgins at threescore,

Comes

THE CANDIDATE. 27

Comes SUMPNER, wise, and chaste as chaste can be,
With LONG as wife, and not less chaste than He.

Are there not Friends too, enter'd in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal Laws,
Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from JERSEY, and the ISLE of MAN?
Are there not PHILOMATHS of high degree
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not PROCTORS, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in Embryo still,
Who may perhaps in some ten years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that Two and Two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking One from Two, leave none behind.

With such a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to Manhood; better in the field
To leave our Carcasses, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
SACKVILLES alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.

But if Persuasions ineffectual prove,
If Arguments are vain, nor Pray'rs can move,
Yet, in thy bitterness of frantic woe,
Why talk of BURTON? why to SCOTLAND go?
Is there not OXFORD? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms,
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd STUARTS to be thine.

28 THE CANDIDATE.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
 Tutor'd to get by heart the Despot's Creed,
 She, of Subjection proud, shall knee thy throne;
 And have no principles but thine alone,
 She shall thy will implicitly receive,
 Nor act, or speak, or think, without thy leave.
 Where is the glory of imperial sway
 If subjects none but just commands obey?
 Then, and then only is obedience seen,
 When, by command they dare do all that's mean.
 Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
 Nor fail to bring thy SANDWICH in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for Fancy now supplies,
 And lays the future open to my eyes)
 Gods, with what joy I see the Worthies meet,
 And Brother LITCHFIELD Brother SANDWICH
 greet !

Blest be your greetings, blest each dear embrace,
 Blest to yourselves, and to the human race
 Sick'ning at Virtues, which she cannot reach,
 Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
 Let ENVY, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
 Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
 Ransack the present times, look back to past,
 Rip up the future, and confess at last,
 No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
 Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.

PHILLIPS, the good old PHILLIPS, out of breath,
 Escap'd from MONMOUTH, and escap'd from death,
 Shall

THE CANDIDATE. 29

Shall hail his SANDWICH, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the Common-weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bless'd his
tongue,
When on his lips the cause of Rebels hung.

Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,
At M—— ——— lies, by backward Monks undone ;
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst PAUL *the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up ;
—— ———, shall pour, from a Communion Cup,
Libations to the Goddess without eyes,
And *Hob* or *Nob* in Cyder and excise.

From those deep shades, where VANITY, un-
known,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where She sees all, but can be seen by none,
Where She no longer, Mistress of the schools,
Hears Praise loud pealing from the mouth of fools,
Or hears it at a distance in despair
To join the croud, and put in for a share,
Twisting each thought a thousand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise,
Where frugal Sense so very fine is spun
It serves twelve hours tho' not enough for one,
KING shall arise, and, bursting from the dead,
Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.

BURTON (whilst awkward Affectation's hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainst their will makes Junior Blockheads
speak,

Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a
string,

They're Praise, and Censure; Nothing, Ev'ry-
thing;

Pantomime thoughts, and Stile so full of trick
They even make a MERRY ANDREW sick,
'Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They're Verse, They're Prose, They're Neither,
and They're Both)

Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase,
Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath,
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
ADAM could not have found a proper name,
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it STILE.

Hush'd by all Nature as the land of Death;
Let each Stream sleep, and each wind hold his
breath,

Be the Bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for Audience, wake the slumb'ring air;

BROWNE

THE CANDIDATE 31

BROWNE comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree ;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of Thee.

PHYSICK, her head with opiate Poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound,
PHYSICK, obtaining succour from the pen,
Of her soft son, her gentle HEBERDEN,
If there are Men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of Virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *Scholar*, stop their rebel breath,
And in each RECIPE send *Classic* death.

So deep in knowledge that few lines can sound,
And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink,
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex,
With Subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of Youth in awe,
The Scowling BLACKISTON bears the train of
LAW.

DIVINITY, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right hand a *New Court Calendar*,
Bound like a Book of Pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn Thee in the gates.

LOYALTY, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,

32 THE CANDIDATE.

Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes,
 Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
 Shall with much pleasure, and more wonder view
 Men great at Court, and great at Oxford too.

O Sacred LOYALTY ! accurs'd by those
 Who seeming friends turn out thy deadliest foes,
 Who prostitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
 And soothe their passions to betray their fame ;
 Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud Nature clings
 Contempt of government, and hate of Kings,
 Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
 A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
 And start at LOYALTY, as at a word
 Which without danger FREEDOM never heard.

Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
 And to the State not wholesome, like the dreams,
 Children of night, of indigestion bred,
 Which, Reason clouded, seize and turn the head,
 LOYALTY without FREEDOM is a chain
 Which Men of lib'ral notice can't sustain,
 And FREEDOM without LOYALTY, a name
 Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.

Thine be the art, my SANDWICH, thine the toil,
 In OXFORD's stubborn, and untoward stile,
 To rear this plant of Union, till at length,
 Rooted by time and foster'd into strength,
 Shooting aloft, all danger It defies,
 And proudly lifts its branches to the skies,
 Whilst,

THE CANDIDATE. 33

Whilst, Wisdoms happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade, which thy own labours

Wrought,

And fashion'd into strength, shalt Thou repose,
Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows,
True to her TAME, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer like a harlot, lust for 'TWEED,
And those old wreaths, which OXFORD once dar'd
twine,

To grace a STUART brow, she plants on thine.

THE GARDEN

By the Author of "The Garden of Eden"
and "The Garden of Eden"
First published in 1880

Published by the Author
at the Garden of Eden
in the year 1880

Printed by the Author
at the Garden of Eden
in the year 1880

Published by the Author
at the Garden of Eden
in the year 1880

Printed by the Author
at the Garden of Eden
in the year 1880

Published by the Author
at the Garden of Eden
in the year 1880

Printed by the Author
at the Garden of Eden
in the year 1880

THE

FAREWELL.

T H E

F A R E W E L L.

P. **F**AREWELL to Europe, and at once
farewell

To all the follies which in Europe dwell,
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer alas in ev'ry thing but Rhime,
The Muses steer their course, and, fond of change,
At large, in other Worlds, desire to range,
Resolv'd at least, since They the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?
Why into foreign countries would You roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If Satire be thy object, and thy lays-
As yet have shewn no talents fit for praise,
If Satire be thy object, search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
Vice choaks up ev'ry Virtue, where, self-sown,
The seeds of Folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And ev'ry seed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No

38 THE FAREWELL.

P. No more of this—tho' Truth (the more our
 shame,
 The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
 And justify her part in this, yet here,
 For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear.
 Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
 Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
 I hear, and hate—be England what She will,
 With all her faults She is my Country still.

F. Thy Country, and what then? Is that mere
 word
 Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
 Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
 To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?
 'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul
 To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
 And take up with a part; Men, not confin'd
 Within such paltry limits, Men design'd
 Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
 Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
 Where'er the blessed Sun, plac'd in the sky
 To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
 Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,
 Consider ev'ry country as their own.
 At one grand view They take in Nature's plan,
 Not more at home in England, than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,
 Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
 'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
 On vain refinements vainly to refine,

To

To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
 To boast of Apathy when out of pain,
 And in each sentence, worthy of the Schools,
 Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
 Most fit for pra^ctice, but for one poor fault
 That into pra^ctice they can ne'er be brought.

At home, and sitting in your elbow chair
 You praise Japan, tho' you were never there,
 But was the Ship this moment under sail,
 Would not your mind be chang'd, your Spirits fail,
 Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
 And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
 Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
 Those passions, which we cannot chuse but feel,
 There's a strange Something, which without a brain
 Fools feel, and with one wise men can't explain,
 Planted in Man to bind him to that earth,
 In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If Honour calls, where'er She points the way,
 The Sons of Honour follow, and obey;
 If Need compels, where-ever we are sent,
 'Tis want of courage not to be content;
 But if we have the liberty of choice,
 And all depends on our own single voice,
 To deem of ev'ry Country as the same
 Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
 Of Nature, and such dull indifference
 May be PHILOSOPHY, but can't be SENSE.

F. Weak

40 THE FAREWELL.

F. Weak and unjust Distinction, strange design,
Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
PHILOSOPHY, and throw her empire down
By means of SENSE, from whom she holds her
crown.

Divine PHILOSOPHY, to Thee we owe
All that is worth possessing here below ;
Virtue and Wisdom consecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and Pain no longer Pain.

When, like a Garden, where for want of toil,
And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil
Teems with incumbrances, where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the Ground,
Like the good Mother of a thankless Son,
Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone,
Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
Which spread, and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of scorn,
Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,
PHILOSOPHY steps in, with steady hand
She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd land,
Too virtuous, to spare vice one stroke, too wise
One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
See with what Godlike, what relentless pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

PHILOSOPHY, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,

By

By the proud Sage, who, whilst he strove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride.

PHILOSOPHY, whom nature had design'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herself misled by the Philosopher,
At once her Priest and Master, made us err ;
Pride, Pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made e'en Virtue four.

Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real use,
The heart of Man unrival'd she had sway'd ;
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when She, overturning Reason's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own,
When She with Apathy the breast would steel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel,
When She would wildly all her force employ,
Nor to correct our passions, but destroy,
When, not content our Nature to restore,
As made by God, She made it all new o'er,
When, with a strange and criminal excess,
To take us more than Men, she made us less,
The Good her dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
The Bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.

Truth, with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
E'en from the mouth of N— might prevail,
Could She get there, but Falshood's sugar'd strain
Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,

Nor

Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung,
 Where she too often hangs, on M—— tongue.
 Should all the SOPHS, whom in his course the Sun
 Hath seen, or past or present, rise in One,
 Should He, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
 Like PLATO, give us Poetry in Prose,
 Should He, full Orator, at once impart
 Th' ATHENIAN's Genius, with the ROMAN's Art;
 Genius and Art should in this instance fail,
 Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail.
 'Tis not in Man, 'tis not in more than man
 To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
 Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
 And, wanting judgment, think that She wants love,
 Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,
 And think her most a foe, when most a friend.
 Such be PHILOSOPHERS—their specious art,
 Tho' Friendship pleads, shall never warp my heart;
 Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
 Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving as a Friend, what, whilst I live,
 As a Philosopher I can't forgive,
 In this one point at last I join with You;
 To Nature pay all that is Nature's due,
 But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
 To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe.
 Bear, to full Manhood grown, those shackles bear,
 Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,
 As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
 Are laid aside, when we can walk alone.

But

But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd,
Wilt Thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wilt Thou make faults, whilst Judgment weakly
errs,

And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
Dar'st Thou to say, in our enlight'ned age,
That this grand Master Passion, this brave rage,
Which flames out for thy country, was impress'd,
And fix'd by Nature in the human breast.

If you prefer the place where you were born,
And hold all others in contempt and scorn
On fair Comparison; If on that land
With lib'ral, and a more than equal hand
Her gifts, as in profusion, Plenty sends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a Patron 'mongst the great;
If Honesty is Minister of State;
If Pow'r, the guardian of our rights design'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If Riches are employ'd to bless the poor;
If Law is sacred, Liberty secure;
Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares, thy Love can't be too great,
And, in this light could he our Country view,
A very HOTTENTOT must love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are scantily supplied,

Where

44 T H E F A R E W E L L.

Where Pow'r is Réason, Liberty a Joke,
 Laws never made, or made but to be broke,
 To fix thy love on such a wretched spot
 Because, in lust's wild fever, there begot,
 Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
 By chance not choice, thy Mother dropt thee there,
 Is Folly which admits not of defence;
 It can't be Nature, for it is not Sense.
 By the same argument which here you hold,
 (When Falshood's insolent, let Truth be bold)
 If Propagation can in torments dwell,
 A Devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
 And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
 Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untried,
 On purpose made to mortify my pride,
 Where the Sun never gave one glimpse of day,
 Where Science never yet could dart one ray,
 Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
 Of barren Scotland in a STUART's reign,
 Or in some kingdom, where Men, weak or worse,
 Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
 Where crowns of Freedom, by the Fathers won,
 Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate Son,
 In spite of all the wisdom you display,
 All you have said, and yet may have to say,
 My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
 I, as my country, had not lov'd her less.

Whether strict Reason bears me out in this,
 Let those who, always seeking, always miss

The

The ways of Reason, doubt with precious zeal;
 Their's be the praise to argue, mine to feel.
 Wish we to trace this passion to the root,
 We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
 From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
 Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling,
 Yet in the circle of revolving years,
 Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
 Hence then, and what you Reason call adore;
 This, if not Reason, must be something more.

But (for I wish not others to confine,
 Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
 Whether this Love's of good, or evil growth,
 A Vice, a Virtue, or a spice of both,
 Let men of nicer argument decide;
 If it is virtuous, sooth an honest pride
 With lib'ral praise; if vicious, be content,
 It is a Vice I never can repent;
 A Vice which, weigh'd in Heav'n, shall more avail
 Then ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
 We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
 Is it a Virtue? that You scarce pretend;
 Or can it be a Vice, like Virtue's friend,
 Which draws us off from, and dissolves the force
 Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
 To that grand object of the human soul,
 That nobler Love which comprehends the whole.
 Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
 This nook, which scarce deserves a frown, or smile,
Weigh'd

46 THE FAREWELL

Weigh'd with Creation, You by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in Philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's Creed, though found in your's
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together, that, however loth,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both,
I could not doubt a moment which to chuse,
And which in common Reason to refuse.

Invented oft for purposes of Art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confess'd
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one Man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare Occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd, or true.

The Love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit,
'Tis in the mind an everlasting Spring
Of glorious actions, which become a King
Nor less become a Subject; 'tis a debt
Which bad Men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty,

A duty, which the Good delight to pay,
And ev'ry Man can practice ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I descry
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country, can remove
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees till She includes the whole.
That spring of Love, which in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social Charities of blood, and friends,
Till smaller streams included, not o'erpass,
It rises to our Country's love at last,
And He, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as You would appear to Common
Sense,

Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from Your country?

P. Can the Son,
(Shame, Shame on all such sons) with ruthless eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
All Virtue, see his honour'd Mother forc'd ;
Then,

Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
 Could I with patience, by the worst of Men,
 Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
 Beyond Redemption, all her glories cross'd
 E'en when Occasion made them ripe, her fame
 Fled like a dream, while She awakes to shame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
 The office of a Patron, to defend
 Her sinking state, than basely to decline
 So great a cause, and in despair resign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
 And, whilst more able Patriots doubt, she dies.
 From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
 Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
 'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
 'Tis not the Voice of Faction in the streets,
 'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made,
 'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
 Against the Subject, whilst She wears no sting
 To disappoint the purpose of a King,
 These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
 With those, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.

Tell me, Philosopher, is it a crime
 To pry into the secret womb of Time,
 Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
 To reach events, and read the future there?
 Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of Man,
 Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
 To former times and men his eye to cast,
 And judge of what's to come, by what is past.

Should

Should there be found in some not distant year
 (O how I wish to be no Prophet here)
 Amongst our British Lords should there be found
 Some great in pow'r, in principles unsound,
 Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
 In whom the springs of Loyalty are dry,
 Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
 Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings,
 Who would divide the people and the throne,
 To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own,
 Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
 And only join with, to destroy them both,
 Should there be found such men in after-times,
 May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
 Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,
 And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
 Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
 If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate
 When ruin must involve our equal state,
 When Law alas! must be no more, and we,
 To Freedom born, must be no longer free,
 Let not a Mob of Tyrants seize the helm,
 Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm,
 Let not, whatever other ills assail,
 A damned ARISTOCRACY prevail.
 If, all too short, our course of Freedom run,
 'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
 Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
 Be slaves to one, and be that one a King.

50 THE FAREWELL.

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
 Oft substitute creations of the brain
 For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
 Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
 Such is your case—but grant, to sooth your pride,
 That You know more than all the world beside,
 Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt,
 Resolv'd, and like a Man, at once speak out,
 Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
 And, to ensure our safety, make us wise.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools
 stray ;
 The proud will rather lose than ask their way ;
 To men of Sense what needs it to unfold,
 And tell a tale which they must know untold ?
 In the bad, Int'rest warps the canker'd heart,
 The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art ;
 And whilst Arch, subtle Hypocrites contrive
 To keep the flames of discontent alive,
 Whilst They, with arts to honest men unknown,
 Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
 Making us fear, where Reason never yet
 Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
 Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
 And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded
 stand
 On Shame's black roll, and sink thro' all the land.

P. That

THE FAREWELL. 51

P. That might some Courage, but no Prudence
be ;

No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks,
But may not Judges sometimes fill up blanks ?

F. Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject :

P. The Laws I love, the Lawyers I suspect :
Amongst twelve Judges may not One be found,
(On bare, bare possibility I ground
This wholesome doubt) who may Enlarge, Retrench,
Create, and Uncreate, and from the Bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts,
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high Office and their rights controul,
Who may, tho' Judge turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving Law without the least defence,
May damn his Conscience to approve his Sense.

F. Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd
land,
In full and perfect vigour, Juries stand,
A judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppose I should be tried in MIDDLESEX.

52 THE FAREWELL.

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occasion to pack Juries there.

F. 'Gainst Prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy Country, like a Coward fly,
Renounce her int'rest, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the Butcher there?

P. Thy Counsel taken, what should Satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd Youths, whom tender Mothers
wean,
And send abroad to see and to be seen,
With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,
A Tutor's sent by way of a dry nurse,
Each of whom just enough of Spirit bears,
To shew our follies, and to bring home their's,
Have made all Europe's vices so well known,
They seem almost as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpose better do?

P. In one respect at least—there's something
New.

F. A harmless People, in whom Nature speaks
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks,
But

THE FAREWELL. 53

But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

P. From knowledge speak You this, or, doubt
on doubt

Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath Reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reason taught,
You have Faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name?
Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature alike in both works for Man's good,
Alike in both by Man himself withstood.
Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd Prince of Christian race.

F. Could You, a task more hard than You
suppose,

Could You, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
Tis ten to one You gain no credit here,
Howe'er well drawn, the Picture after all,
Because we know not the Original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try
And if Your observation sterling hold,
If the Piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the side of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean,

54 THE FAREWELL.

To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I'll groupe the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd,

Add not distress to those too much distress'd.
Have They not, by blind Zeal misled, laid bare
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have They not brought their mysteries so low
That what the Wise suspected not; Fools know?
From their first rise e'en to the present hour
Have They not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r,
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd,
Whilst, unseduc'd by Ministers, the throne
Regards our Interests, and knows its own.

P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,
Those who have fail'd, and those who wish'd to fail
In the last Fleet, afford an ample field
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot starve, if there was only CLIVE.

THE

THE

T I M E S.

C 4

T I M E

T H E
T I M E S.

TH E Time hath been, a Boyish, Blushing
Time,

When Modesty was scarcely held a crime,
When the most Wicked had some touch of grace;
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face,
When Those, who, in the cause of Sin grown grey,
Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet so weak an aukward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal,
We, better bred, and than our Sires more wise,,
Such poultry narrowness of soul despise,
To Virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm ;
Ere Luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business. or allow'd for grace ;
Ere Vanity had so far conquer'd Sense
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one Fool strive to outvye another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dress against his brother ;

Ere banish'd Industry had left our shores,
 And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
 Ere Idleness prevail'd sole Queen in Courts,
 Or only yielded to a rage for sports;
 Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
 And Dissipation held the place of Thought;
 Ere gambling Lords in Vice so far were gone
 To cog the die, and bid the Sun look on;
 Ere a great Nation, not less just than free,
 Was made a beggar by Œconomy;
 Ere rugged Honesty was out of vogue,
 Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
 Time was, that Men had conscience, that they
 made
 Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.

Was One then found, however high his name,
 So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
 Who dar'd abuse, and falsify his trust,
 Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjust,
 Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
 He walk'd the croud'd streets in Solitude,
 Nor could his rank, and station in the land
 Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
 Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
 'To keep expiring Honesty alive)
 Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,
 Not just thro' principle, be just thro' pride.

Our Times, more polish'd, wear a diff'rent face;
 Debts are an Honour; Payment a disgrace.

Men

Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on Folly's list,
May gravely tell us Trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those Thousands who're in Trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt Man and Man is once destroy'd.
Why—be it so—We in that point accord,
But what is Trade, and Tradesman to a Lord.

x FABER, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his Villainy betray'd,
And, vainly seeking Justice, bankrupts made.
What is't to FABER? Lordly as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by Those,
'Those slaves in Livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to FABER? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
The helpless Widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes, with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is't to FABER? he stands safe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of PRIVILEGE, 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no Conscience, and he fears no Law.

Nor

Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
 Who have not shame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
 The great World hidden from thy reptile view,
 That on such Men, to whom Contempt is due,
 Contempt shall fall, and their vile Author's name
 Recorded stand thro' all the land of shame.
 No—to his porch, like Persians to the Sun,
 Behold contending crowds of Courtiers run;
 See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
 All sworn to keep his crimes in Countenance.
 Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
 As small their Conscience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by such Clients, and without controut
 From all that's honest in the human soul,
 In Grandeur mean, with insolence unjust,
 Whilst none but knaves can praise, and Fools will
 trust,

Caress'd and Courted, FABER seems to stand
 A mighty Pillar in a guilty land.
 And (a sad truth to which succeeding times
 Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhimes)
 Did not strict Honour with a jealous eye
 Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety,
 (Who, link'd with Honour for the noblest ends,
 Ranks none but honest Men amongst her friends)
 Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
 He might in time be Minister of State.

But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
 They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
 But

But now are held as Nothing—We begin,
Where our Sires ended, and improve in Sin, Juv.
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice, and folly for our sons to do.

Nor deem this censure hard ; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted ; none so high,
But with bold pinion She hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure ; none so low,
But She hath crept into it, made it know,
And feel her pow'r ; in Courts, in Camps She reigns,
O'er sober Citizens, and simple Swains,
E'en in our temples She hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increase the horror of our State,
To make her Empire lasting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown Perfection feel
Curses which neither Art, nor Time can heal,
All Shame discarded, all remains of pride,
MEANNESS sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side.
MEANNESS, who gleans out of the human mind,
Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,
Those seeds which might in time to Virtue tend,
And leaves the Soul without a pow'r to mend ;
MEANNESS, at sight of whom, with brave disdain
The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat ;
MEANNESS which, like that mark by bloody CAIN
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,

God,

God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal Heroe trucks his fame for gold,
The Patriot's virtue for a place is sold,
The Statesman bargains for his Country's shame,
And for preferment Priests their God disclaim.
Worn out with lust, her day of letch'ry o'er,
The Mother trains the daughter which She bore
In her own paths; The Father aids the plan,
And, when the Innocent is ripe for Man,
Sells her to some old Letcher for a wife,
And makes her an Adulteress for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L———;
Husband and Wife (whom Av'rice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of Pimp and Bawd;
Those parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
And share the infamy, the gain to share,
Well-pleas'd to find, when They the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things (which might imply a spark
Of Shame still left) transacted in the dark.
No—to the Public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade,
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud,
In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway:
Free are her Marts, and open at noon-day.
MEANNESS, now wed to IMPUDENCE, no more
In darkness skulks, and trembles as of yore

When

When the light breaks upon her coward eye ;
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her Husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with MOUNTAGUE their
son.

A Son, so like his Dam, so like his Sire,
With all the Mother's craft, the Father's fire,
An Image so express in ev'ry part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had They fifty children, He alone
Would stand as Heir Apparent to the throne.

* With our own Island vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent,
Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court
To ape their follies, and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargoe home,
Nobly industrious to make vice appear
In her full State, and perfect only here.

To HOLLAND, where Politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive Sincerity remains,
And makes a stand, where Freedom in her course
Hath left her name, tho' she hath lost her force
In that, as other lands, where simple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd,
Where Av'rice never dar'd to shew his head,
Where, like a smiling Cherub, Mercy, led

By

By Reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
 And Cruelty could never find a place,
 To HOLLAND for that Charity we roam,
 Which happily begins, and ends at home.

FRANCE, in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,
 For all those Countries, which the Hero's sword
 Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
 Into her lap, and made once more her own.
 FRANCE hath afforded large and rich supplies
 Of Vanities full-trimm'd, of polish'd lies,
 Of soothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
 Steal to, and melt the heart, of slavish fear
 Which break the Spirit, and of abject fraud—
 For which alas! we need not send abroad.

SPAIN gives us Pride—which SPAIN to all the
 earth,
 May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
 Give us that Jealousy, which, born of fear
 And mean distrust, grows not by Nature here—
 Gives us that Superstition, which pretends
 By the worst means to serve the best of ends—
 That Cruelty, which, stranger to the brave,
 Dwells only with the Coward, and the Slave,
 That Cruelty, which led her Christian bands
 With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,
 Bade her without remorse whole countries thin,
 And hold of nought, but Mercy, as a sin.

ITALIA, nurse of ev'ry softer art,
 Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart;
 Who

Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste,
Who marrs whilst She pretends to mend our taste,
ITALIA, to compleat and crown our shame,
Sends us a Fiend, and LEGION is his name. x
The Farce of greatness, without being great,
Pride without Pow'r, Titles without Estate,
Souls without vigour, Bodies without force,
Hate without cause, Revenge without Remorse,
Dark, mean Revenge, Murder without defence,
Jealousy without Love, Sound without Sense,
Mirth without Humour, without Wit Grimace,
Faith without Reason, Gospel without Grace,
Zeal without Knowledge, without Nature Art,
Men without Manhood, Women without Heart,
Half-Men, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd
From Man's best joys—no sooner made than
marr'd—

Half-Men, whom many a rich and noble Dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as We Capons feed,
To glut our appetites at last decreed,
Women, who dance, in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in ARETINE,
Who, when, retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem SAPPHO
chaste;

These and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand Fools, who please
Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,
Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,

Who

Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd prepare
 Our necks for chains which they already wear,
 Madly we entertain, at the expence
 Of Fame, of Virtue, Taste, and Common-Sense.

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious EAST,
 Where Man, his soul degraded, from the Beast
 In nothing diff'rent but in shape we view,
 They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
 Attracts our eye, and, flowing from that source,
 Sins of the blackest character, Sins worse
 Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
 Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
 And strike all Manhood dead, which but to name
 Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame,
 Sins, if such Sins can be, which shut out grace,
 Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
 E'en in God's mercy, Sin's 'gainst Nature's plan
 Possess the land at large, and Man for Man
 Burns in those fires, which Hell alone could raise
 To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
 Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,
 With all her tortures She can scarce repay.

Be Grace shut out, be Mercy deaf, let God
 With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
 Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair,
 Distending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
 For Those who thus offend amongst Mankind,
 A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
 On Earth, which groans beneath their monstrous
 weight,
 On Earth, alas! They meet a different fate,

And

And whilst the Laws, false grace, false mercy shewn,
Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they
 appear
Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear, or shame controul'd,
From long, too long Security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
And LUMLEY e'en at noon his mistress meets.
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known,
And each unnat'ral Villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where We will, at ev'ry time and place,
SODOM confronts, and stares us in the face ;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest Whores.
Those who are mean high Paramours secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor ;
The Sin too proud to feel from Reason awe,
And Those, who practise it, too great for Law.

* *Woman*, the pride and happiness of Man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought ;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, tho' hidden skill
To humanize, and mould us to her will ;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,
With the persuasive language of a tear

To

To melt the rugged temper of our Isle,
 Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
 The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed
 Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name
 Our antient Heroes caught a quicker flame,
 And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
 Spurning the carcases of Princes slain,
 Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
 The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
 As having lost its use; No more the Eye
 With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
 Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
 No more the Heart, that seat where love resides,
 Each Breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides
 Life posting thro' the veins, each pulse on fire,
 And the whole body tingling with desire,
 Pants for those charms, which Virtue might engage
 To break his vow, and thaw the frost of age,
 Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,
 And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
 Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
 For pleasure we must have a GANYMEDE,
 A fine, fresh HYLAS, a delicious boy,
 To serve our purposes of beastly joy.

Fairest of Nymphs, where ev'ry Nymph is fair,
 Whom Nature form'd with more than common
 care,
 With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
 And Both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,
 — neglect-

———neglected wanders, whilst a croud
Pursue, and consecrate the steps ———
She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,
Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flow'r,
Sweet in its scent and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd, whilst He, admir'd, carest,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,
With Brutes of rank and fortune plays the Whore,
For their unnat'ral lust a Common Sew'r.

Dine with APICIUS—at his sumptuous board
Find all, the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (so much distemper'd Spirits pall
The sickly appetite) amidst them all
APICIUS finds no joy, but, whilst he carves
For ev'ry guest, the Landlord sits and starves.

The forest Haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er
And loathes what he had deified before;
The Turtle, of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a Man of Taste all risques would run,
Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one,
The Turtle in luxurious pomp, comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and drest by QUIN;
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As QUIN hath drest it, he may eat it too,
APICIUS cannot—When the glass goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth resound,
Sober

Sober he sits, and silent—all alone
 Tho' in a croud, and to himself scarce known,
 On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
 Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.

Why mourns APICIUS thus? why runs his eye,
 Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky
 Might call down Jove? Where now his gen'rous
 wish

That, to invent a new and better dish,
 The World might burn, and all mankind expire,
 So he might roast a Phoenix at the fire.

Why swims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
 Of sixty years, ne'er shew'd one sign of grace?
 Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
 Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
 Who only liv'd to eat, his Stomach pall'd,
 And drown'd in floods of sorrow? hath Fate call'd
 His Father from the grave to second life?
 Hath CLODIUS on his hands return'd his Wife,
 Or hath the Law, by strictest justice taught,
 Compell'd him to restore the dow'r She brought?
 Hath some bold Creditor against his will
 Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge a bill,
 Where Eating had no share? Hath some vain
 Wench

Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
 Hath any rival Glutton got the start,
 And beat him in his own luxurious art,
 Bought cates for which APICIUS could not pay,
 Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?

Hath

Hath his Cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
 Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the Gods,
 Or hath some Varlet, cross'd by cruel fate,
 Thrown down the price of Empires in a plate?

None, none of these — his Servants all are try'd,
 So sure, they walk on ice, and never slide;
 His Cook, an acquisition made in France,
 Might put a CLOE out of countenance,
 Nor, tho' old HOLLES still maintains his stand,
 Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
 Women are all the objects of his hate,
 His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
 In full security and triumph held,
 Unless for once a Knave should be expell'd;
 His Wife is still a Whore, and in his pow'r
 The Woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;
 Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
 Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him
 there,)
 His Father sleeps, and, till the last trump shake
 The corners of the earth, shall not awake.

Whence flows this Sorrow then? behind his chair
 Didst Thou not see, deck'd with a Solitaire
 Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and
 grac'd
 With nicest ornaments, a Stripling plac'd,
 A Smooth, Smug, Stripling in life's fairest prime?
 Didst Thou not mind too, how from time to time,
 The monstrous Letcher, tempted to despise
 All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?

How

How He seem'd inly to reproach us all,
 Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,
 And how he wish'd e'en at the Time of grace,
 Like Janus, to have had a double face?
 His cause of grief behold in that fair Boy;
 APICIUS dotes, and CORYDON is coy.

Vain and unthinking Stripling! When the glass
 Meets thy too curious eye, and, as You pass,
 Flatt'ring, presents in smiles thy image there,
 Why dost Thou bless the Gods, who made Thee
 fair?

Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
 Curse, curse thy beauty, for It leads to shame.
 When thy hot Lord, to work Thee to his end,
 Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,
 Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
 They're baits for Virtue, and smell strong of lust.
 On those gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn
 The temple of thy body look with scorn,
 View them with horror, they pollution mean
 And deepest ruin; Thou hast often seen,
 From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
 Carefully singled out, and richly drest,
 With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
 Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
 Be warn'd in time, the threat'ned danger shun,
 To stay a moment is to be undone.
 What tho', temptation proof, thy Virtue shine,
 Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
 All other methods failing, one resource
 Is still behind, and Thou must yield to force.

Paint

Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,
 Most strongly paint, and, while Thou can'st escape,
 Mind not his promises—They're made in sport—
 Made to be broke—Was He not bred at Court?
 Trust not his Honour; He's a Man of birth;
 Attend not to his oaths—They're made on earth,
 Not regist'ed in Heav'n—He mocks at grace,
 And in his Creed God never found a place—
 Look not for Conscience—for He knows her not,
 So long a Stranger, she is quite forgot—
 Nor think thyself in Law secure and firm—
 Thy Master is a Lord, and thou a Worm,
 A poor mean Reptile, never meant to think,
 Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,
 And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
 Must serve his lusts, and think he does Thee grace.

Fly then, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly,
 But whither can'st Thou go? on Whom rely
 For wish'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet
 An armed host of foes, in ev'ry street.
 What boots It, of APICIUS fearful grown,
 Headlong to fly into the arms of STONE,
 Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r,
 If sure to meet with an APICIUS there?
 Trust not Old Age, which will thy faith betray?
Saint SOCRATES is still a Goat, tho' grey;
 Trust not green Youth; FLORIO will scarce go
 down,
 And, at eighteen, hath surfeited the Town;
 Trust not to Rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
 They take up Raking only as a fence

'Gainst Common fame—place H—— — in thy
view;

He keeps one Whore, as BARROWBY kept two;
'Trust not to Marriage— T—— — took a Wife,
Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
Had She not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And save expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
'Trust not to Marriage, in Mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.

Wouldst Thou be safe? Society forswear,
Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there,
Herd with the Brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
'There's not one Brute so dangerous as Man
In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find,
Which Lust denies thee here among Mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on Manhood, on all four
Walk, as You see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once You walk'd on Two.

But, if the thoughts of Solitude alarm,
And Social life hath one remaining charm,
If still Thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of AUGUSTA's breed,
Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure;
Put off the Man, from Men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb assume their manners too.

Had

Had the *light-footed* GREEK of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The Maudlin Heroe, like a pailing boy
Robb'd of his play-thing, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his Minion in his Miftrefs' room.
Be not in this than Catamites more nice,
Do that for Virtue, which they do for vice.
Thus shalt Thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the Mother, whose officious zeal
Discreetly judging what her Daughters feel
By what She felt herself in days of yore,
Against that Letcher Man makes fast the door,
Who not permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,
A Priest, uncastrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?
Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if They would, be Whores,
Nor can a Man be found, as Times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Tho' They, more fresh, more lively than the
Morn,
And brighter than the noon-day Sun, adorn
The works of Nature, tho' the Mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in ev'ry daughter's face,

Undisciplin'd in dull discretion's rules,
 Untaught, and Undebauch'd by Boarding Schools,
 Free and unguarded, let Them range the Town,
 Go forth at random, and run pleasure down,
 Start where She will, discard all taint of fear,
 Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
 Watch not their steps—They're safe without thy
 care,

Unless, like Jennets, they conceive by air,
 And ev'ry one of them may die a Nun,
 Unless They breed, like Carrion, in the Sun.
 Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,
 Against the law of Nature set their face,
 The grand, primæval law, and seem combin'd
 To stop the propagation of Mankind;
 Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
 And fancy that the Law is on their side.

Broke down, and Strength a stranger to his bed,
 Old L— — — tho' yet alive, is dead;
 T— — lives no more, or lives not to our Isle;
 No longer blest with a Cz— — —'s smile
 T— — — is at P— — — disgrac'd,
 And M— — — grown grey, perforce grows chaste;
 Nor, to the credit of our modest race,
 Rises one Stallion to supply their place.
 A Maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
 In mid December, the rank Fly would blow
 Tho' closely kept, *now*, when the Dog's-Star's heat
 Enflames the marrow, in the very street
 May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by Those
 Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose.

Poor,

Poor, Plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
 And Simple Letch'ry dares not shew her face
 Lest She be sent to Bridewell ; Bankrupts made,
 To save their fortunes, Bawds leave off that trade,
 Which first had left off them ; to *Well-close Square*
 Fine, fresh, young Strumpets (for DODD preaches
 there)

Throng for subsistence ; Pimps no longer thrive,
 And Pensions only keep L ——— alive.

Where is the Mother, who thinks all her pain,
 And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
 When a Man Child is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r
 Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
 Short-sighted Woman! Little doth she know
 What streams of sorrow from that source may flow,
 Little suspect, whilst She surveys her Boy,
 Her young NARCISSUS, with an eye of joy
 Too full for Continence, that Fate could give
 Her darling as a curse, that She may live,
 Ere sixteen Winters their short course have run,
 In agonies of soul, to curse that Son.

Pray then, for daughters, Ye wise Mothers, pray ;
 They shall reward your love, nor make ye grey
 Before your time with sorrow ; They shall give
 Ages of peace and comfort, whilst Ye live,
 Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
 In spite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.

That sense, with more than manly vigour fraught,
 That Fortitude of Soul, that stretch of Thought,

That Genius, great beyond the narrow bound
 Of Earth's low walk, that Judgment perfect found,
 When wanted most, that Purity of Taste,
 Which, Critics mention by the name of chaste,
 Adorn'd with Elegance, that easy flow
 Of ready Wit, which never made a foe,
 That Face, that Form, that Dignity, that Ease,
 'Those pow'rs of pleasing with that will to please,
 By which LEPEL, when in her youthful days,
 E'en from the curriish POPE extorted praise,
 We see, transmitted, in her Daughter shine,
 And view a new LEPEL in CAROLINE.

Is a son born into this world of woe ?
 In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow,
 Be from that hour the house with fables hung,
 Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
 E'en from the moment that he first began
 To wail and whine, let him not see a man.
 Lock, Lock him up, far from the public eye,
 Give him no opportunity to buy,
 Or to be bought ; B— —, tho' rich, was sold,
 And gave his body up to shame for gold.

Let It be bruited all about the Town,
 That He is coarse, indelicate, and brown,
 An Antidote to Lust, his Face deep scar'd
 With the Small Pox, his Body maim'd and marr'd,
 Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
 Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
 Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
 From head to foot, and rank and running sore.
Should'ft

Should'st Thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd;
Give him out fair, Letchers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, tho' a God is there.

Let Him not have one Servant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, Servants oft prevail.
Some vices They propose, to all agree;
H— — was guilty, but was M— — free?

Give him no Tutor ——— throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a Monk ———
Monks we all know ——— We, who have liv'd at
home,
From fair report, and Travellers, who roam,
More feelingly ——— nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs; Ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one Parson in the Pillory.
Should He have Brothers, (Image to thy view
A Scene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one Brother be to t'other known,
Nor let his Father sit with him alone.

Be all his Servants, Female, Young, and Fair,
And if the Pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of Venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; Whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this, than any other time,

Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.

Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter thro' the town
As One who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rhimes,
And let this Giant Sin, in the full eye
Of Observation, pass unwounded by?
Tho' our meek Wives, passive Obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs, for which They ought
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair Isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho, on his Sunday, the smug PULPITEER,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absoly'd, in the pretence
Of Decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice;
Tho' the Law sleeps, and, thro' the care They take
To drugh her well, may never more awake;
Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
Which Saints may boast of, I must speak, or burst.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice, and chaster ear,
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, Ye Fair——my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.

For

For You I write——nor wish a better plan——
The Cause of Woman is most worthy Man——
For You I still will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilst there's one slave of SODOM in the land.

Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet Manhood face to face,
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where They may hide their heads, or rest their
feet,

Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this Town expire,
Her Tow'rs in dust, her Thames a lake of fire,
Or They (most worth our wish) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
Pardon of Women with Repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

G O T H A M.

B O O K I.

G O T H A M

MAH TOE

BOOK

MAH TOE

G O T H A M.

B O O K I.

FAR off (no matter whether *East* or *West*,
 A real Country, or one made in jest)
 Not yet by modern MANDEVILLES disgrac'd,
 Nor by *Map-jobbers* wretchedly misplac'd,
 There lies an *Island*, neither great nor small,
 Which, for distinction sake, I GOTHAM call.

The Man, who finds an unknown Country out,
 By giving it a name acquires, no doubt,
 A Gospel title, tho' the people there
 The pious Christian thinks not worth his care.
 Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
 The claim of EUROPE to the *Western World*.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
 Some roving Buccaneer set up a Post ;
 A Beam, in proper form transversely laid,
 Of his Redeemer's Cross the figure made,
 Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
 From first to last, had been one scene of strife ;
 His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
 Without more process, the whole race enslav'd,
 Cut off that Charter they from Nature drew,
 And made them Slaves to men they never knew.

Search

Search antient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian Lords
Hold (thanks to Conscience) more than half the
Ball;

O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
Pretend that Christ (who came, we all agree,
To bless his people, and to set them free)
To make a Convert ever one law gave,
By which Converters made him first a slave.

Spite of the glosses of a canting Priest,
Who talks of Charity, but means a feast,
Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heav'n, whom they have robb'd of
earth,

Never shall One, Ode truly honest man,
Who, blest with LIBERTY, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a Savage fire
Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom pass,
And sell his Country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barb'rous right, Let SPAIN and
FRANCE,
In Slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance,
Let them, whilst Conscience is at distance hurl'd,
With some gay bawble buy a golden world;

An

AN ENGLISHMAN, in *charter'd* FREEDOM born,
Shall spurn the slavish merchandize, shall scorn
To take from others, thro' base private views,
What He himself would rather die, than lose.

Happy the Savage of those *early* times
Ere EUROPE's sons were known, and EUROPE's
crimes !

Gold, cursed Gold! slept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full Content he found the truest wealth;
In Toil he found Diversion, Food, and Health;
Stranger to ease and luxury of Courts,
His Sports were Labours, and his Labours Sports;
His Youth was hardy, and his Old Age green;
Life's Morn was vig'rous, and her Eve serene;
No rules he held, but what were made for use;
No Arts he learn'd, nor ills which Arts produce;
False Lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy *now* the Savage race,
Since EUROPE took their *Gold*, and gave them
Grace!

Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And, on sure grounds the Gospel Pile to rear,
Sends *Missionary* Felons ev'ry Year ;
Our Vices, with more Zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs ;
Her rank Oppressions give them cause to rise,
Her Want of Prudence means, and Arms supplies,
While

Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
 Rising in blood, adopts the *Scalping-Knife*;
 Knowledge She gives, enough to make them know
 How abject is their State, how deep their Woe;
 The Worth of Freedom strongly She explains,
 Whilst She bows down, and loads their necks with
 Chains;

Faith too She plants, for her own ends imprest,
 To make them bear the worst, and hope the best;
 And whilst She teaches on vile int'rest's plan,
 As Laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
 Like PHARISEES, of whom the Scriptures tell,
 She makes them ten times more the Sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflexions tend?
 Are they design'd for any, or no end?
 Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
 Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
 'Twixt Man and Man, which might, if Justice
 heard,

Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd,
 Or purchase made, EUROPE in chains can hold
 The Sons of INDIA, and her mines of gold.
 Chance led her there in an accursed hour,
 She saw, and made the Country her's by pow'r;
 Nor, drawn by Virtue's Love from Love of Fame,
 Shall my rash Folly controvert the claim,
 Or wish in thought that title overthrown,
 Which coincides with, and involves my own.

EUROPE discover'd INDIA first; I found
 My right to GOTHAM on the self-same ground;
 I first

I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
 To Her be granted, and denied to Me.
 I plead Possession, and till one more bold
 Shall drive me out, will that Possession hold.
 With EUROPE's rights my kindred rights I twine ;
Her's be the WESTERN WORLD, be GOTHAM
Mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of Gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In Strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King ;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
 sing.

As on a Day, a high and holy Day,
 Let ev'ry instrument of Music play,
Antient and Modern ; Those which drew their birth
 (Punctilios laid aside) from *Pagan* earth,
 As well as those by *Christian* made and *Jew* ;
 Those known to many, and those known to few ;
 Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
 And those which swell the flow and solemn note ;
 Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)
 Make some *complexions* laugh and others cry ;
 Those which, by some strange faculty of sound,
 Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground ;
 Those which can tear up forests by the roots,
 And make brutes dance like Men, and Men like
 brutes ;

Those.

Those which, whilst RIDICULE leads up the dance,
Make Clowns of MONMOUTH ape the Fops of
FRANCE ;

Those which, where Lady DULLNESS with Lord
MAYORS

Prefides, disdain'g light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feast with *Psalmody*, and those
Which, planted in our Churches to dispose
And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish Organist calls *Taste*.
All, from the Fiddle (on which ev'ry Fool,
The pert Son of dull Sire, discharg'd from School,
Serves an Apprenticeship in College ease,
And rises thro' the *Gamut* to degrees)
To Those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd *Saint Giles's*, and more fam'd *Vine-*
street,

(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old House, and an older Aunt)

THORNTON, whilst HUMOUR pointed out the
road

To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode :
All Instruments (attend, Ye list'ning Spheres,
Attend, Ye Sons of Men and hear with ears)
All Instruments (nor shall they seek one Hand
Imprest from *modern Music's coxcomb* band)
All Instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises, whilst gay NATURE, in a robe,

A. Cox.

A *Coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full sound
Keeps time, like *BOYCE*, and the World dances
round.

Rejoice, Ye happy *GOTHAMITES*, rejoice !
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The Praises of so great and good a King ;
Shall *CHURCHILL* reign, and shall not *GOTHAM*
sing ?

INFANCY, straining backward from the breast,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The Mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond Father sits on t'other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter, thro' *GOTHAM's* land.

CHILDHOOD who, like an *April* morn', appears,
Sunshine and Rain, Hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In Reason weak, who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep,
Who, with a fev'rish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd,
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long, lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his Top go down to prate of Me.

YOUTH,

YOUTH, who fierce, fickle, insolent and vain,
 Impatient urges on to MANHOOD's reign,
 Impatient urges on, yet, with a cast
 Of dear regard, looks back on CHILDHOOD past,
 In the *mid-chase*, when the hot blood runs high,
 And the quick spirits mount into his eye,
 When Pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
 Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
 When the chaf'd Steed tugs proudly at the rein,
 And, ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain,
 When, wing'd with fear, the Stag flies full in view,
 And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
 Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
 And e'en the *Huntsman* stop to cry *Amen*.

MANHOOD, of form erect, who would not bow
 Tho' Worlds should crack around him; on his
 brow

WISDOM serene, to Passion giving law,
 Bespeaking Love, and yet commanding Awe;
 DIGNITY into Grace by Mildness wrought;
 COURAGE attemper'd and refin'd by Thought;
 VIRTUE supreme enthron'd; within his breast
 The Image of his Maker deep impress'd;
 Lord of this Earth, which trembles at his Nod,
 With Reason bless'd, and only less than God;
 MANHOOD, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
 Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
 Tho' cloath'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
 By wicked Elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
 MANHOOD shall steal an hour, a little hour,
 (Is't not a little One?) to hail my pow'r.

OLD-

OLD-AGE, a *second Child*, by Nature curs'd
 With more and greater evils than the first,
 Weak, sickly, full of pains ; in ev'ry breath
 Railing at life, and yet afraid of death ;
 Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
 From day to day, without one day to spare ;
 Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
 Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself,
 His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
 His memory of recent things devour'd
 E'en with the acting, on his shatter'd brain
 Tho' the false Registers of Youth remain ;
 From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
 Of those rare men, who liv'd in those rare days
 When He, the Hero of his tale, was Young,
 Dull Repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
 Praising gray hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
 E'en whilst he curses time which made him gray,
 Scoffing at Youth, e'en whilst he would afford
 All, but his gold, to have his Youth restor'd,
 Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
 Lean on his Crutch, and pipe forth praise to Me.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King ;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
 sing ?

Things

Things without life shall in this Chorus join,
And dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

The *Snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on the *Herald* of fair FLORA's train ;
The *Coxcomb Crocus*, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a *Herald's* coat ;
The *Tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no *Clown*, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The *Fop* of flow'rs, the *MORE* of a *Parterre* ;
The *Wood-bine*, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets ;
The *Lily*, silver Mistress of the vale,
The *Rose* of SHARON which perfumes the gale ;
The *Jessamine*, with which the *Queen* of flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which Brides, by the plain hand of neatness dress'd,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast,
Sweet as the incense of the Morn, and chaste
As the pure *Zone*, which circles DIAN's waist ;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the Sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daisy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud Giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded Love, and bears his name ;
All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
 sing?

Forming a gloom, thro' which to spleen-struck
 minds

Religion, horror-stamp'd, a passage finds,
 The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
 Where some old Hermit's wont his beads to tell
 By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
 Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen;
 The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave,
 Where many a Lover finds a watry grave;
 The *Cypress* sacred held, when Lovers mourn
 Their true love snatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
 By Poets in old time, but destin'd now
 In grief to wither on a WHITEHEAD's brow;
 The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
 Itself a Grove, gave our first Parents cloaths;
 The *Vine*, which, like a blushing new-made Bride,
 Clust'ring, empurples all the Mountain's side;
 The *Yew*, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
 Marks out the resting-place of men unknown;
 The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race;
 The *Fir*, the SCOTCH *Fir*, never out of place;
 The *Cedar*, whose top mates the highest cloud,
 Whilst his old Father LEBANON grows proud

Of

Of such a child, and his vast Body laid
 Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade ;
 The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood ;
 The *ENGLISH Oak*, which, dead, commands the
 flood ;
 All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy *GOTHAMITES*, rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King ;
 Shall *CHURCHILL* reign, and shall not *GOTHAM*
 sing.

The *Show'rs*, which make the young hills, like
 young Lambs,
 Bound and rebound, the old Hills, like old Rams,
 Unwieldy, jump for joy ; the *Streams*, which glide,
 Whilst *PLENTY* marches smiling by their side,
 And from their bosom rising *COMMERCE* springs ;
 The *Winds*, which rise with healing on their wings,
 Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies ;
 The *Sun* who, travelling in Eastern skies,
 Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
 Tho' in *Jove's* pastures they were born and bred,
 With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds
 stir,
 Step by Step, up the perpendicular ;
 Who, at the hour of Eve, panting for rest,
 Rolls on amain, and gallops down the West,

As

As fast as JEHU, oil'd for AHAB's sin,
 Drove for a crown, or *Post-boys* for an Inn ;
 The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
 Regent of tides, and Mistress of the Brain,
 Who to her Sons, those Sons who own her pow'r,
 And do her homage at the midnight hour,
 Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
 Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their Senses;
 The *Stars*, who, by I know not what strange right,
 Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
 Who without Reason govern Those, who most
 (How truly judge from hence !) of Reason boast,
 And, by some mighty Magic yet unknown,
 Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own ;
 All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice !
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The Praises of so great and good a King ;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
 sing ?

The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*,
Year,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear ;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
 Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
 Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
 Worthy by Parliaments to be restor'd ;

'The *Hours*, which drest by turns in black and white,
 Ordain'd as Handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
 'The *Day*, those hours I mean, when Light presides,
 And BUSINESS in a cart with PRUDENCE rides;
 'The *Night*, those hours I mean with darkness hung,
 When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
 'The *Morn*, when Nature, rousing from her strife
 With death-like sleep, awakes to second life;
 'The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the task,
 She mercy from her foe descends to ask;
 'The *Week*, in which Six days are kindly given
 To think of Earth, and One to think of Heaven;
 'The *Months*, twelve Sisters, all of diff'rent hue,
 Tho' there appears in all a likeness too,
 Not such a likeness, as, thro' HAYMAN's works,
 Dull Mannerism, in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
 Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
 But a strange Something, born of Art and Grace,
 Which speaks them All, to vary and adorn,
 At diff'rent times of the same Parents born;
 All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
 And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
 The praises of so great and good a King;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
 sing?

Frome

Frore JANUARY, Leader of the year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and *Calves-heads* in the rear ;
 Dull *February*, in whose leaden reign,
 My Mother bore a bard without a brain ;
 MARCH various, fierce, and wild, with wind-
 crack'd cheeks,
 By wilder Welchmen led, and crown'd with leeks !
 APRIL with fools, and MAY with bastards blest ;
 JUNE with White Roses on her rebel breast ;
 JULY, to whom, the Dog-Star in her train,
Saint JAMES gives oysters, and *Saint SWITHIN* rain ;
 AUGUST, who, banish'd from her *Smithfield* stand,
 To *Chelsea* flies, with DOGGET in her hand ;
 SEPTEMBER, when by Custom (right divine)
 Geese are ordain'd to bleed at MICHAEL's shrine,
 Whilst the Priest, not so full of grace as wit,
 Falls to, unblest'd, nor gives the Saint a bit ;
 OCTOBER, who the cause of FREEDOM join'd,
 And gave a *second GEORGE* to bless mankind ;
 NOVEMBER, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint ANDREW boasts, and our AUGUSTA's birth ;
 DECEMBER, last of Months, but best, who gave
 A CHRIST to Man, a Saviour to the Slave,
 Whilst, falsely grateful, Man, at the full feast,
 To do God honour, makes himself a beast ;
 All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
 And dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice ;
 Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
 The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
 In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,

The praises of so great and good a King ;
 Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
 sing ?

The *Seasons* as they roll ; SPRING, by her side
Letch'ry and *Lent*, *Lay-Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
 By a rank Monk to Copulation led,
 A tub of *fainted Salt-Fish* on her head ;
 SUMMER, in light, transparent Gawze array'd,
 Like Maids of Honour at a Masquerade,
 In bawdry Gawze, for which our daughters leave
 The Fig, more modest, first brought up by EVE,
 Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
 Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
 Leaning on SLOTH, who, fainting with the heat,
 Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet ;
 AUTUMN, when NATURE, who with sorrow feels
 Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
 Makes up in value what she wants in length,
 Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
 Bids Corn and Fruits in full perfection rise,
 Corn Fairly Tax'd, and Fruits without Excise ;
 WINTER, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
 By robes of Fur, since Furs became *our own*,
 A Hag who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
 With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloath'd,
 Vile FACTION at her heels, who, mighty grown,
 Would rule the Ruler, and *foreclose* the throne,
 Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
 Make Laws one day, the next to be Unmade,
 Beggar at home a People fear'd abroad,
 And, force defeated, make them Slaves by Fraud ;
 All,

All, One and All, shall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King ;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
sing ?

The *Year*, Grand Circle, in whose ample round
The Seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the same things which he had seen before.
The same *Stars* keep their Watch, and the same
Sun

Runs in the track where he from first hath run ;
The same Moon rules the night, Tides ebb and
flow,

Man is a Puppet, and this World a Show,
Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
And Vice in nothing, but in Mode, is new,
He ——— a Lord (now fair befall that Pride,
He liv'd a Villain, but a Lord he died)

DASHWOOD is *pious*, BERKLEY *fix'd as fate*,
SANDWICH (THANK HEAV'N) first Minister of
State,

And, tho' by *Fools* despis'd, by *Saints* unblest'd,
By *Friends* neglected, and by *Foes* oppress'd,
Scorning the servile arts of each *Court-Elf*,
Founded on Honour, WILKES is still *himself*)

The *Year*, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' Praise, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, Ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King ;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and shall not GOTHAM
sing ?

Thus far in Sport——nor let our Critics hence,
Who sell out monthly trash, and call it Sense,
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a Theme ;
High is our Theme, and worthy are the Men
To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's Pen ;
But when kind Time a proper season brings,
In serious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as They.

Thus far in Sport——nor let half Patriots, (those
Who shrink from ev'ry blast of Pow'r which blows,
Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their
own,
Who, lest bold Truths, to do sage Prudence spite,
Should burst the Portals of their lips by night,
Tremble

Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep,)
Condemn our course, and hold our Caution cheap.
When brave Occasion bids, for some great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a Friend,
Then shall They find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to Speak, what they scarce dare to Think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

G O T H A M.

B O O K II.

C O L L E C T I O N

B O O K

G O T H A M.

B O O K II.

HOW much mistaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without restraint, may
drink,

May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the MUSES love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Musick comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest,
To know the times when HUMOUR, on the cheek
Of MIRTH may hold her sports, when WIT should
speak,

And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of Ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One Critick in an age can find, when done)

To

To form a plan, to strike a grand Outline,
 To fill it up, and make the picture shine
 A full, and perfect piece ; to make coy rhyme
 Renounce her follies, and with sense keep time,
 To make proud sense against her nature bend,
 And wear the chains of rhyme, yet call her friend.

Some Fops there are, amongst the Scribbling
 tribe,
 Who make it all their business to *describe*,
 No matter whether in, or out of place ;
 Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
 Alike they trim, as Coxcomb Fancy brings,
 The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
 Let dull *Propriety* in State preside
 O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide,
 Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
 Of those tame drudges *Judgment, Taste, and Sense*,
 Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
 Of keeping terms with *Person, Place, and Time*.

Let liquid Gold emblaze the Sun at noon,
 With borrow'd beams let Silver pale the Moon,
 Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,
 Let Streams *Mæander*, and let Torrents roar,
 Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
 To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees,
 Let Vales embroid'ry wear, let Flow'rs be ting'd
 With various tints, let Clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
 They have their wish ; like idle monarch Boys,
 Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys ;
 Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
 Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.
 Others

Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal, as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful Ornament, depend
On Sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid) their course delay,
Nor for a moment step out of the way,
To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan.
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of Humour, Wit, and Taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of Learning with a sloven's air,
Tho' solid Reas'ning arms each sterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilst from page to page dull Morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere, dull, formal Sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can She for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless She brings fair Pleasure in her train.
Let Her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one She meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit

Quit then, Ye graver Sons of letter'd Pride,
 Taking for once Experience as a guide,
 Quit this grand Errour, this dull *College* mode;
 Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
 Write, or at least appear to write with ease,
 And, if You mean to profit, learn to please.

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
 Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
 Thrice sacred is that Name, thrice blest'd the Man
 Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a
 plan!

This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
 But cannot with the world promote success.
 He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
 Should recollect his readers may be weak;
 Plain, rigid Truths, which Saints with comfort bear,
 Will make the Sinner tremble, and despair.
 True Virtue acts from Love, and the great end,
 At which She nobly aims, is to amend;
 How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
 With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
 They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
 They make that Goddess, whom they'd have en-
 gage

Our dearest Love, in hideous terrour rise!
 Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
 Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight:
 The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
 Shuts herself up in darkness for defence.

But,

But, to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made Man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast,
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The Sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The Tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainst Vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curs'd,
They see not, till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into Virtue unawares.
Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
When pregnant horror sits, and broods o'er wind,
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
The Patient to those manly sports, which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some Few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhimes
In other lands, and *here* in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *Midwife* MUSE
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dew,

To

To whom true GENIUS gave his magic pen,
 Whom ART by just degrees led up to men,
 Some Few, extremes well-shunn'd, have steer'd
 between

These dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean.
 SENSE in their works maintains her proper state,
 But never sleeps, or labours with her weight;
 GRACE makes the whole look elegant, and gay,
 But never dares from SENSE to run astray.

So nice the Master's touch, so great his care,
 The Colours boldly glow, not idly glare.
 Mutually giving, and receiving aid,
 They set each other off, like light and shade,
 And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend,
 'Tis hard to say, where they begin, or end.

Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
 SENSE perfects GRACE, and GRACE enlivens
 SENSE.

Peace to the Men, who these high honours
 claim,
 Health to their souls, and to their mem'ries fame:
 Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
 A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach;
 Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
 Observe, and mark their passage to the sky,
 From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
 And praise their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to
 earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
 Whilst spirits flow, and Life is in her prime,
 Without

Without a sin 'gainst Pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finish, and make ev'ry grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of Books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the Town.
Hence rude, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhyme,
And the poor *flattern* MUSE is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulses play
Through the dull, dubious mass, no breath makes
way,

Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call,
Whether the Child can be baptiz'd at all.
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the Sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it, Verse or Prose.

E'en what my masters please; Bards, mild, meek
men,
In love to Critics stumble now and then,
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
twenty feed, where MASON can feed one.

When

When SATIRE stoops, unmindful of her state,
 To praise the man I love, curse him I hate ;
 When SENSE, in tides of passion borne along,
 Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song ;
 The Censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,
 With as high relish on the carrion feeds
 As the *proud* EARL fed at a Turtle feast,
 Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
 Eat, 'till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
 Yet still eat on, and dying call'd for more.

When *loose* DIGRESSION, like a colt unbroke,
 Spurning *Connection*, and her formal yoke,
 Bounds thro' the forest, wanders far astray
 From the known path, and loves to loose her way,
 'Tis a full feast to all the mongril pack
 To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When *gay* DESCRIPTION, Fancy's fairy child,
 Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
 Waking with Nature at the morning hour
 To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
 Which largely drank all night of heav'n's fresh dew,
 And, like a Mountain Nymph of Dian's crew,
 So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,
 Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints;
 When thus DESCRIPTION sports, e'en at the time
 That Drums should beat, and Cannons roar in
 rhime,
 Critics can live on such a fault as that
 From one month to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty *Monthly* Judges, in a dearth
 Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
 Of my materials, which against your will
 Oft You've confes'd, and shall confes it still,
 Materials rich, tho' rude, inflam'd with Thought,
 Tho' more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought,
 Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
 Which suits your Genius well, and weave them in,
 Fram'd for the Critic loom, with Critic art,
 Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
 Colour with Colour mingling, Light with Shade,
 To your dull taste a formal work is made,
 And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
 Swear it surpasses ROME, and rivals GREECE.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
 Soon as the mighty Critic *Fiat's* heard,
 SCIENCE attends their call ; their pow'r is own'd ;
 ORDER takes place, and GENIUS is dethron'd ;
 Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
 At means, as Atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
 Worthy Man's whole employ, the good of Man,
 The good of Man committed to my charge ;
 If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
 Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
 May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise,
 The crown of GOTHAM may some SCOT assume,
 And vagrant STUARTS reign in CHURCHILL'S
 room.

Q my

O my poor People, O thou wretched Earth,
 To whose dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
 My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
 How (by thy Father can that thought be borne,
 For Monarchs, would they all but think like me,
 Are only Fathers in the best degree).
 How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
 Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
 Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
 Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
 Be robb'd of vigour, how must Freedom's pile,
 The boast of ages, which adorns the Isle
 And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
 Happy at home, secure from force and fraud,
 How must that pile, by antient Wisdom rais'd
 On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
 Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
 In one short moment into ruin fall,
 Should any Slip of STUART's tyrant race
 Or bastard, or legitimate, disgrace
 Thy royal seat of Empire! but what care
 What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
 And self-reproaches, should that hated line
 Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!
 Curs'd be the cause whence GOTHAM's evils spring,
 Tho' that curs'd cause be found in GOTHAM's
 King.

Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
 In pomp of horror, stalk thro' GOTHAM's land
 Knee-deep in blood; let all her stately tow'rs
 Sink in the dust; that Court, which now is our's,
 Become

Become a den, where Beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from Man;
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the
ground;
Dry, in her thousand Vallies, be the Rills;
Barren the Cattle, on her thousand Hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd, let Tygers prow for prey;
Where Justice lodges, let wild Asses bray;
Let Cormorants in Churches make their nest,
And, on the sails of Commerce, Bitterns rest;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her Merchants; Bankrupts, and her Marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuse, see GOTHAM's ruin'd state
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a STUART wear her crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's host,
Those Servants, who their Maker know, who boast
Obedience as their glory, and fulfill,
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will.
Let raging Winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with destruction big, o'er GOTHAM sweep;
Let Rains rush down, till FAITH with doubtful eye
Looks for the sign of Mercy in the sky;
Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
Let the Earth yawn, and, e're They've time to
think,
In the deep gulph let all my subjects sink
Before

Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
 Feeling, but as a Monarch ought to feel,
 Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
 And, having own'd the Justice of my God,
 Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
 And die with those for whom I wish'd to live.

This (but may Heav'n's more merciful decrees
 Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
 This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
 But that the STUART race my Crown should wear,
 That Crown, where, highly cherish'd, FREEDOM
 shone

Bright as the glories of the mid-day Sun,
 Born and bred Slaves, that They, with proud mis-
 rule,

Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at
 school,

To the Whip crouch and tremble—O, that Thought!
 The lab'ring brain is e'en to madness brought.
 By the dread vision, at the mere surmise
 The thronging Spirits, as in tumult, rise,
 My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
 And, turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O my brave fellows, great in Arts and Arms,
 The wonder of the Earth, whom Glory warms
 To high Atchievements, can your Spirits bend
 Thro' base controul (Ye never can descend
 So low by choice) to wear a Tyrant's chain,
 Or let, in FREEDOM's feat, a STUART reign.

If

If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
 Spread in all realms, the Cowardice, the Pride,
 The Tyranny, and Falsehood of those Lords,
 Contents You not, search ENGLAND's fair records,
 ENGLAND, where first the breath of Life I drew,
 Where, next to GOTHAM, my best Love is due.
 There once they rul'd, tho' crush'd by WILLIAM's
 hand,
 They rule no more, to curse that happy land:

The *First*, who, from his native soil remov'd,
 Held ENGLAND's sceptre, a tame Tyrant prov'd.
 Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which
 spring
 In souls of vulgar stamp, to be a King ;
 Spirit he had not, tho' he laugh'd at Laws,
 To play the bold-fac'd Tyrant with applause ;
 On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
 And Craft oft gave, what Wisdom oft denied.

Ne'er cou'd he feel how truly Man is blest
 In blessing those around him ; in his breast,
 Crowded with follies, Honour found no room ;
 Mark'd for a Coward in his Mother's Womb,
 He was too proud without affronts to live,
 Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
 By fair descent, been his without a crime,
 He bore a Mother's exile ; to secure
 A greater crown, he basely could endure

The

The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
 Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
 Nay, by fond fear, and fond ambition led,
 Struck hands with Those by whom her blood was
 shed.

Call'd up to Pow'r, scarce warm on England's
 throne,
 He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own,
 Turn where You would, the eye with S C O T S was
 caught,
 Or *English* knaves who would be S C O T S M E N
 thought.
 To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
 The dupe of Minions, and of slaves the slave;
 On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
 And damn'd those senates rich, whom, poor, he
 prais'd;
 From Empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
 On foreign bounty whilst a Daughter fed,
 He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on Men
 Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his Play-things, Parliaments his sport,
 Book-worms and Catamites engross'd the Court;
 Vain of the Scholar, like all S C O T S M E N since
 The *Pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
 And, having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
 Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn the arts to reign.
 Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
 Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the croud;
 False

False Friend, false Son, false Father, and false King,
False Wit, false Statesman, and false ev'ry thing,
When He should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the State.

Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion sake, but argument ;
More vain if some sly, artful, *Higb-Dutch* slave,
Or, from the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to Peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, Worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The Pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wish'd, what he made *Bishops* preach,
And *Statesmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not seize ; Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the Realm his will denied.

Of Treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry Treaty, of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe ; Peace was his Coward care,
E'en at a time when Justice call'd for war ;
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But, rather than unsheath the sword, submit ;
TRUTH fairly must record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with MERCY, JUSTICE may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and Worlds resign'd to SPAIN,
But never can forgive a RALEIGH slain.

At length (with white let Freedom mark that
year)

Not fear'd by those, whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not lov'd by those, whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above,
To answer to that God, from whom alone,
He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne,
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
The bloody Legacy of RIGHT DIVINE.

With many Virtues which a radiance fling,
Round private men; with few which grace a King,
And speak the Monarch, at that time of life
When Passion holds with Reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded CHARLES, by a mean Sire undone,
Who envied virtue, even in a Son.

His Youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the Man up, ere he left the child;
His soul was eager for imperial sway
Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and Humour strong;
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring!
What ills to such a land, from such a King!
What could She hope! what had she not to fear!
Base BUCKINGHAM possess'd his youthful ear;
STRAFFORD and LAUD, when mounted on the
throne
Engross'd his love, and made him all their own,

STRAF-

STRAFFORD and LAUD, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now ;
Each strove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
That all Mankind were made for Kings alone,
That Subjects were but Slaves, and what was Whim
Or worse in common men, was Law in him ;
Drunk with *Prerogative*, which Fate decreed
To guard good Kings, and Tyrants to mislead,
Which, in a fair proportion to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No Good can wish, no Coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *English* Subject bear ;
Besieg'd by Men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of Principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their King their tool,
Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule ;
Taking all public Steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by Favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That Monarchs, meant as blessings to Mankind,
Sink their great State, and stamp their fame undone,
When, what was meant for all, they give to One ;
Lift'ning uxorious, whilst a Woman's prate,
Modell'd the Church, and parcell'd out the State,
Whilst (in the State not more than Women read)
High-Churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious
head ;
Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes ;
Forbid to hear a loyal Nation's cries ;

Made to believe (what can't a Fav'rite do)
 He heard a Nation hearing one or two;
 Taught by State-Quacks himself secure to think,
 And out of danger, e'en on danger's brink;
 Whilst Pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
 Whilst murmurs ran thro' an insulted land,
 As if to sanction Tyrants Heav'n was bound,
 He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
 Did ENGLAND, crush'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
 Whilst proud oppression struck at Freedom's root,
 Lament her Senates lost, her HAMPDEN mute.
 Illegal taxes, and oppressive loans,
 In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans,
 PATIENCE was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
 And LOYALTY was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,
 New Courts were rais'd to give new Doctrines
 weight;
 State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
 And curs'd *Star-Chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
 Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unsound;
 Thro' the whole kingdom not one PRATT was
 found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
 He hated Senates, for They told him Truth.
 At length against his will compell'd to treat,
 Those whom he could not fright, he strove to cheat,
 With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
 And, often giving, often broke his word.

O where

O where shall helpless Truth for refuge fly,
If Kings, who should protect her, dare to lie.

Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their Country's good their Monarch's
fame,

Those who were anxious for his safety, Those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal errour till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past, till Pow'r
Had shifted hands to blast his hapless reign,
Making their Faith, and his Repentance vain.

Hence (be that curse confin'd to GOTHAM'S
foes)

War, dread to mention, Civil War arose ;
All acts of Outrage, and all acts of shame
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with Honour's name ;
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havock thro' the land ;
With zeal for Party, and with Passion drunk,
In Public rage all private Love was sunk,
Friend against Friend, Brother 'gainst Brother stood,
And the Son's weapon drank the Father's blood ;
Nature, aghast, and fearful left her reign
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart ! harshly tho' that name,
Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame,
To see my King before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand,

At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
 By their decrees to see that monarch bleed.
 What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
 What tho' they shook the basis of the state,
 In Royalty secure thy Person stood,
 And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
 Vile Ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
 Who dar'd seduce a King to be unjust,
 Vengeance, with Justice leagu'd, with pow'r made
 strong,
 Had nobly crush'd; *the King could do no wrong.*

Yet grieve not, CHARLES, nor thy hard fortunes
 blame;
 They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
 Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
 From which the Sun in glory is not clear.
 Had'st Thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
 At Nature's call, had'st Thou laid down in death
 As in a sleep, thy name, by Justice borne
 On the four winds, had been in pieces torne.
 Pity, the Virtue of a gen'rous soul,
 Sometimes the Vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
 Misfortunes gave, what Virtue could not give,
 And bade, the Tyrant slain, the Martyr live.

Ye princes of the Earth, ye mighty few,
 Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue,
 Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
 Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate,
 Who own no law, no reason but your will,
 And scorn restraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill,

Who

Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only blest'd when they make others curst;
Think not, for wrongs like these unscourg'd to live;
Long may Ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But, when Ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that Vengeance heap'd on you alone:
Shalt (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted Father's veins,
In the Son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down Vengeance e'en to latest times,
Call Vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a King, to reign, or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another CHARLES succeeded; in the school,
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull Tutors sent
To shame their Country on the Continent,
From love of ENGLAND by long absence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling,
Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no
King.

Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs, which Heav'n
design'd

An instance of his mercy to Mankind,
Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
And, of the present fond, forgets the past,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curse,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worse;
State he resign'd, to those whom state could please,
Careless of Majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and Pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less Wit might hunt the bubble same;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at Court,
Morality was held a standing jest,
And faith a necessary fraud at best;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too;
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his Father's servants beg their bread,
His Father's faithful servants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women

Women rul'd all, and Ministers of State
 Were for commands at Toilettes forc'd to wait;
 Women, who have, as Monarchs, grac'd the land,
 But never govern'd well at Second-hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
 In mem'ry fix'd, stand DUNKIRK and TANGIER;
 In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that Time in vain
 Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
 AMBOYNA stands—Gods, that a King could hold
 In such high Estimate, vile, poultry gold,
 And of his duty be so careless found,
 That, when the blood of Subjects from the ground
 For Vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
 And, brib'd from Honour, lay his thunders by,
 Give HOLLAND peace, whilst ENGLISH victims
 groan'd,

And butcher'd subjects wander'd, *unaton'd*!
 O, dear, deep injury to ENGLAND's fame,
 To them, to us, to all! to him, deep Shame!
 Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
 Av'rice is that which least becomes a King.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
 Which thro' his reign he little understood,
 Or little heeded, with too narrow aim.
 He re-assur'd a Bigot Brother's claim;
 And, having made time-serving Senates bow,
 Suddenly died, that Brother best knew *how*.

No matter *how*—he slept amongst the dead,
 And JAMES his Brother reigned in his stead.

But such a reign—so glaring an offence
 In ev'ry step 'gainst Freedom, Law and Sense,
 'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
 'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
 That the Relation would mere fiction seem,
 The mock creation of a Poet's dream,
 And the poor Bard's would, in this sceptic age,
 Appear as false as *their* Historian's page.

Ambitious Folly seiz'd the seat of Wit,
 Christians were forc'd by Bigots to submit,
 Pride without sense, without Religion Zeal,
 Made daring inroads on the Common-weal,
 Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
 And call'd the Pride of Kings, the pow'r of God,
 Conscience and Fame were sacrific'd to ROME,
 And ENGLAND wept at FREEDOM's sacred tomb.

Her Laws despis'd, her Constitution wrench'd
 From its due nat'ral frame, her Rights retrench'd
 Beyond a Coward's suff'rance, Conscience forc'd,
 And healing Justice from the Crown divorc'd,
 Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
 Her *patriot* BISHOPS sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
 Her OXFORD (who yet loves the STUART name)
 Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
 She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
 At Honour's call th' avenging sword She drew,
 Turn'd all her terrors on the Tyrant's head,
 And sent him in despair to beg his bread,
 Whilst she (may ev'ry State in such distress
 Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)

Whilst

Whilst She (may G O T H A M, should my abject mind
Chuse to enslave, rather than free mankind,
Pursue her steps, tear the proud Tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst She (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let R E V O L U T I O N stand)
While She, secur'd in *Liberty* and *Law*,
Found what She fought, a Saviour in N A S S A U.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

G O T H A M.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

MAY 1963

G O T H A M.

B O O K III.

G. O. T. H. M.

BOOK

G O T H A M.

B O O K III.

CAN the fond Mother from herself depart,
 Can she forget the darling of her heart,
 The little darling whom she bore and bred,
 Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
 To whom, she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
 And in whose life alone, she seem'd to live?
 Yes, from herself, the mother may depart,
 She may forget the darling of her heart,
 The little darling, whom she bore and bred,
 Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
 To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
 And in whose life alone, she seem'd to live;
 But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,
 And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,
 Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
 But I cannot forget that GOTHAM's mine.

Can the stern Mother, than the brutes more wild,
 From her disnatur'd breast, tear her young child,
 Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
 Yes, the stern Mother, than the brutes more wild,
 From her disnatur'd breast, may tear her child;
Flesh

Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
 And dash the smiling babe against a stone;
 But I, forbid it Heav'n, but I can ne'er
 The love of GOTHAM, from this bosom tear,
 Can ne'er so far true Royalty pervert
 From its fair course, to do my people hurt.

With how much ease, with how much confidence,
 As if, superior to each grosser sense,
 Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
 To manifest her Will, and be obey'd,
 Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
 The motions of the Mind! with how much ease
 In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
 And bring to nothing, what was rais'd to law.

In empire young, scarce warm on GOTHAM's
 throne,
 The dangers, and the sweets of pow'r, unknown,
 Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young
 child,
 Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
 How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
 And wanton with dominion, how lay down,
 Without the sanction of a precedent,
 Rules of most large and absolute extent;
 Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,
 And, all at once, commence a PATRIOT KING.

But, for the day of tryal is at hand,
 And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
 Are stak'd on me, and all their Weal or Woe
 Must from my Good, or Evil Conduct flow,

Will

Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
 As I assume that name, deserve it too ?
 Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
 I'm now to play ? Have I explor'd my Heart,
 That labyrinth of fraud, that deep, dark cell,
 Where, unsuspected e'en by me, may dwell
 Ten thousand follies ? Have I found out there
 What I am fit to do, and what to bear ?
 Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
 Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice ?
 Have I, familiar with my nature grown,
 And am I fairly to myself made known ?

A PATRIOT King—Why 'tis a name which
 bears

The more immediate stamp of Heav'n, which wears
 The nearest, best resemblance we can shew
 Of God above, thro' all his works below.

To still the voice of discord in the land,
 To make weak faction's discontented band,
 Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
 With hunger pinch'd on their own vitals prey ;
 Like brethren in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
 Like diff'rent bodies, with one soul inform'd,
 To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
 All meaner thoughts, grow up in common love ;
 To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
 That sacred ballance, temperate, yet bold,
 With such an equal hand, that those who fear
 May yet approve, and own my justice clear ;
 To be a Common Father, to secure
 The weak from violence, from pride the poor ;
 Vice

Vice, and her sons, to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to shew her face,
To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
And be, at last acquainted with the great ;
Of all Religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest ;
Rewards her Worth, with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the Arts, nor let the Artists starve ;
To make fair Plenty through the realm increase,
Give Fame in War, and Happiness in Peace,
To see my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me,
O, 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters nature more than flatt'ry ought.
'Tis a great, glorious task, for Man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious the reward,
The best reward which here to Man is giv'n.
'Tis more than Earth, and little short of Heav'n ;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down.
With outside show, and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.

The

The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we learn what woe from grandeur
springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
Than ages give the Wretch condemn'd to Pow'r.

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
And goes to work, as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest ATLAS of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears, what we should think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighbouring brook,
Nor asks for sauce where appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall and when the Sun retires
Behind the Mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch, and fix his longing eye,

Home-

Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
 Of raw-bon'd cubs, enjoys that clean, coarse food,
 Which, season'd with Good Humour, his fond Bride
 'Gainst his return is happy to provide.
 Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
 creeps
 Into his straw, and till the morning sleeps.

Not so the King—with anxious cares oppress'd,
 His bosom labours, and admits not rest.
 A glorious Wretch, he sweats beneath the Weight
 Of Majesty, and gives up ease for state.
 E'en when his smiles, which, by the fools of pride,
 Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side
 Fly round the court, e'en when, compell'd by form,
 He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm !
 CARE, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
 With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
 By day crawls full in view ; when Night bids sleep,
 Sweet nurse of Nature, o'er the senses creep,
 When Misery herself, no more complains,
 And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
 Tho' his sense weakens, tho' his eye grows dim,
 That rest which comes to all, comes not to him.
 E'en at that hour, CARE, tyrant CARE, forbids,
 The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids ;
 From night to night she watches at his bed ;
 Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head,
 Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
 Croaks forth aloud—Sleep was not made for kings.

Thrice

Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vast
ball,

Who rules most absolute o'er me, and all,
'To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full I pay the duteous vow,
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd
Since (blessed be that season, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)
Since I became a king, and GOTHAM's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own ;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes.
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine ;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions Lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reason shall her air afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while,
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)

Enforce

Enforce that law, 'gainst some poor subject elf,
 Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
 Can he some petty rogue to Justice call
 For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
 Must not, unless extinguish'd Conscience fly
 Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
 To scourge th' oppressor, when the State, distress'd
 And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
 Against himself doth he not sentence give?
 If one must die, t'other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound
 Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.
 All envy pow'r in others, and complain
 Of that which they would perish to obtain.
 Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
 Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
 Be hush'd to peace, but when fair, legal sway,
 Makes it their real int'rest to obey,
 When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
 Not less in Virtue, than in Pow'r excell.

Be that my object, that my constant care,
 And may my Soul's best Wishes centre there.
 Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
 Not only how to live, but how to reign,
 And, to those Virtues which from Reason spring,
 And grace the Man, join those which grace the
 King.

First (for strict duty bids my care extend,
 And reach to all, who on that care depend,

Bids

Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First (and that method Reason shall support)
Before I look into, and purge my Court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
Let me fix things which to myself relate.
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In Resolution firm, in Honour clear,
Tremble, ye Slaves, who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be Villains, when your King is Just,

Are there, amongst those officers of State,
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our Place and Office in the Realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the Helm,
Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant,
Are there such Men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me
To think that I will prove a Statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself and to my State unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my Judgment, but depend on their's,
Shall

Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with State,
 Have nothing but the name of being great,
 Attend at counsels, which I must not weigh,
 Do, what they bid, and what they dictate, say,
 Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
 Only to be a royal Cypher there?
 Perish the thought—'tis Treason to my throne—
 And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
 Insults me more, than He, who, leagu'd with hell,
 Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.

The wicked Statesman, whose false heart pursues
 A train of Guilt, who acts with double views,
 And wears a double face, whose base designs
 Strike at his Monarchs throne, who undermines
 E'en whilst he seems his wishes to support,
 Who seizes all departments, packs a court,
 Maintains an agent on the Judgment Seat
 To screen his crimes, and make his frauds complete,
 New models armies, and around the throne
 Will suffer none but creatures of his own,
 Conscious of such his baseness, well may try,
 Against the light to shut his master's eye,
 To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those,
 Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
 Nor ever let him in one place appear,
 Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his
 Ear.

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves
 proclaim,
 And, whilst they publish, baulk their Author's aim.
 Kings

Kings must be blind, into such snares to run,
Or worse, with open eyes must be undone.
The minister of Honesty and Worth,
Demands the Day to bring his actions forth,
Calls on the Sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the Day, and seek the shades of Night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the Light ;
None wish their King in Ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden Guilt, and, that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them, and, by Justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where Kings have oft been lost, shall I submit
And rust in chains like these ? Shall I give way,
And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in Ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown ?
When stern REBELLION, (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those, whose only aim
Is to preserve their Country, who oppose
In honour leagu'd, none but their Country's foes,
Who only seek their own, and found their Cause
In due regard for violated laws)
When stern REBELLION, who no longer feels,
Nor fears Rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, tho' strong not proud,
Knocks at the Palace gate, and, calling loud

For due redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,
 A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men,
 How must that King be humbled, how disgrace
 All that is royal, in his name and place,
 Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
 No other plea but that of IGNORANCE.

A vile defence, which, was his All at stake,
 The meanest subject well might blush to make ;
 A filthy source, from whence Shame ever springs ;
 A Stain to all, but most a Stain to Kings.
 The Soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
 Panting for Knowledge, rests not till inform'd,
 And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
 Feel those brave passions, which my subjects feel,
 Or can a just excuse from Ign'rance flow
 To Me, whose first, great duty is—To KNOW.

Hence, IGNORANCE—thy settled, dull, blank
 eye

Wou'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reason why—
 Hence, IGNORANCE—thy slavish shackles bind
 The free-born Soul, and lethargy the mind—
 Of thee, begot by PRIDE, who look'd with scorn
 On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
 That grave Inflexibility of Soul,
 Which Reason can't convince, nor Fear controul,
 Which neither arguments, nor pray'rs can reach,
 And nothing less than utter Ruin teach—
 Hence, IGNORANCE—hence to that depth of Night,
 Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of
 light

May

May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell
 Where Monks with Superstition love to dwell,
 Or in some college soothe thy lazy pride,
 And with the Heads of colleges reside,
 Fit mate for Royalty thou can'st not be,
 And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come, STUDY, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
 Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
 Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
 Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind,
 Come, STUDY—painful tho' thy course and slow,
 Thy real worth by the effects we know——
 Parent of Knowledge, come—not Thee I call,
 Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall,
 Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
 Things, which when found, thy 'abours can't repay—
 Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
 A *Rod*, in t'other, gaudily array'd
 A *Hornbook*, gilt and letter'd, call I Thee,
 Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C——
 Nor, Siren tho' thou art, and thy strange charms,
 As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms,
 Do I call Thee, who thro' a winding maze,
 A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
 Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
 Where, in full glory, real SCIENCE reigns.

Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
 Tho' full rewards in thy possession lie
 To crown Man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
 Tho' (was I station'd in an humbler place)

I could be ever happy in thy sight,
 Toil with thee all the day, and thro' the night
 Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
 Fast rivetted on SCIENCE, sleep defy,
 Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
 Must I thy sweet society forego,
 And to some happy rival's arms resign
 Those charms, which can alas! no more be mine.

No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
 Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
 Where eager love of SCIENCE calls, no more
 Attempt those paths which Man ne'er trod before.
 No more, the mountain scal'd, the desert crost,
 Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
 Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from Morn to
 Night,
 From Night to Morn, yet travel with delight,
 And having found thee, lay me down content,
 Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell ye MUSES too—for such mean things
 Must not presume to dwell with mighty Kings—
 Farewell, ye MUSES—tho' it cuts my heart
 E'en to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh Morn bade lusty Nature wake;
 When the Birds, sweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
 Tun'd their soft pipes; when from the neighb'ring
 bloom,
 Sipping the dew, each Zephyr stole perfume;
 When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
 And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd;

How

How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive Rhime
 Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
 O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to see,
 Yourselves made visible to none but me,
 The clown, his Work suspended, gape and stare,
 And seem to think that I convers'd with Air!

When the Sun, beating on the parched soil,
 Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil,
 When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breast,
 And things most us'd to labour, wish'd for rest,
 How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
 Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke
 Some sacred DRYAD liv'd, or in some grove,
 Where with capricious fingers FANCY wove
 Her fairy bow'r, whilst NATURE all the while
 Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a smile
 How we held converse sweet! how often laid,
 Fast by the Thames, in HAM's inspiring shade,
 Amongst those Poets, which make up your train,
 And, after death, pour forth the sacred Strain,
 Have I, at your command, in verse grown grey,
 But not impair'd, heard DRYDEN tune that lay,
 Which might have drawn an Angel from his sphere,
 And kept him from his office list'ning here.

When dreary NIGHT, with MORPHEUS in her
 train,
 Led on by SILENCE to resume her reign,
 With Darkness covering, as with a robe,
 This scene of Levity, blank'd half the globe,

How oft', enchanted with your heavenly strains,
 Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains
 Of Musick bound my soul, how oft' have I,
 Sounds more than human floating thro' the Sky,
 Attentive sat, whilst NIGHT, against her Will,
 Transported with the harmony, stood still !
 How oft' in raptures, which Man scarce could bear,
 Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there,
 Still heard their Music, and, as mute as death,
 Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry Breath,
 Left, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,
 And marr that magic excellence of sound :
 Then, Sense returning with return of Day,
 Have chid the Night, which fled so fast away.

Such my Pursuits, and such my Joys of yore,
 Such were my Mates, but now my Mates no more.
 Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy sure
 Would never haunt the cottage of the Poor,
 Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
 With some few Friends, and some small share of
 Praise,
 Beneath Oppression, undisturb'd by Strife,
 In Peace I trod the humble vale of Life.
 Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state ;
 Welcome the troubles which on Empire wait.
 Light toys from this day forth I disavow,
 They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now ;
 To common Men all common things are free,
 What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
 Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
 Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand

Are

Are all engross'd, each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the Public Good ;
Be this my study, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of History turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote,
Of former kings ; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame, and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs sleep, where laurels
bloom

Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their Fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Post which travels day and night,
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous SPRING, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a Virgin to some lecher sold,
Three wretched months, she lay benumb'd, and cold ;
When the weak Flow'r, which, shrinking from the
breath

Of the rude North, and, timorous of Death,
To its kind Mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, chear'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise ;

The Hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
 Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
 Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch ;
 Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
 The BEE goes forth ; from herb to herb she flies,
 From Flow'r to Flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
 With treasur'd sweets, robbing those Flow'rs, which
 left,

Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
 Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
 As if the pillager had not been there.
 Ne'er doth she flit on Pleasure's silken Wing,
 Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
 Unruffled pass, and on the downy breast
 Of some fair Flow'r indulge untimely rest.
 Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
 Which Chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse
 Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
 To her own private use convert the spoils.
 Love of the Stock first call'd her forth to roam,
 And to the Stock she brings her booty Home.

Be this my Pattern—As becomes a King,
 Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing,
 Let mine eye, like the Light'ning, thro' the Earth
 Run to and fro, nor let one deed of Worth,
 In any Place and Time, nor let one Man
 Whose actions may enrich Dominion's plan,
 Escape my Note ; be all, from the first day
 Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
 From those, whom Time at the desire of Fame
 Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame ;

From

From those, who not in mercy, but in rage,
 Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
 Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
 And, imitating Heaven, draw Good from Ill.
 Nor let these great researches in my breast
 A monument of useless labour rest,
 No—let them spread—th' effects let GOTHAM
 share,

And reap the harvest of their Monarch's care,
 Be other Times, and other Countries known,
 Only to give fresh Blessings to my own.

Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
 On whom for needful succour I rely
 In this great Hour, that glorious God of Truth,
 Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,
 Assist my weakness, and direct me right,
 From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the Sight,
 Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
 To spread the shades of error o'er my Brain)
 Let me, Impartial, with unweary'd thought,
 Try Men and Things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
 Examine well on what my Pow'r depends,
 What are the gen'ral Principles, and Ends
 Of Government, how Empire first began,
 And wherefore Man was rais'd to reign o'er Man.

Let me consider, as from one great Source
 We see a thousand rivers take their course,
 Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
 Yet by their Parent still supply'd and fed,

That Government, (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
 In various Modes to various lands applied)
 Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
 In the main Ground works ev'ry where the same;
 The same her view, tho' different her plan,
 Her grand and gen'ral view, the Good of Man.

Let me find out, by Reason's sacred beams,
 What System in itself most perfect seems,
 Most worthy Man, most likely to conduce
 To all the purposes of gen'ral use;
 Let me find too, where, by fair Reason try'd,
 It fails, when to Particulars apply'd,
 Why in that mode all Nations do not join,
 And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual Rise of empires trace
 'Till they seem'd founded on Perfection's base,
 Then (for when human things have made their way
 To Excellence, they hasten to decay)
 Let me, whilst Observation lends her clue,
 Step by Step, to their quick Decline pursue,
 Enabled by a chain of Facts to tell
 Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

Let me not only the distempers know
 Which in all States from common causes grow,
 But likewise those, which by the will of Fate,
 On each peculiar mode of Empire wait,
 Which in its very Constitution lurk,
 Too sure at last, to do its destin'd work;

Let

Let me, forewarn'd, each Sign, each System learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd Health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me (tho' great, grave Brethren of the gown,
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reason down,
Making those jar, whom Reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me, thro' Reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that Religion pry,
Which Law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's Form, what's Essence; what, like vagrant
Air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last Hour of Time.
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal,
Which, without knowledge, furious Bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.

The Times have been, when priests have dar'd
to tread,
Proud and insulting, on their Monarch's head,
When, whilst they made Religion a pretence,
Out of the World they banish'd common sense,
When some soft King, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting, join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock Piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame.
Fear not, my People, where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—Your King secures you here,

Your

Your King, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests, the voice of God.

Let me (tho' Lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their Monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And, for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the Law;
Let me (the weak, dead letter left behind)
Search out the Principles, the Spirit find,
Till, from the parts, made master of the whole,
I see the *Constitution's* very Soul.

Let me (tho' Statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men, whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men, determin'd to resign)
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a King,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my Country's Good)
Unravel all low Ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And track them step by step; let me well know
How Places, Pensions, and Preferments go,
Why Guilt's provided for, when Worth is not,
And why one Man of merit is forgot,
Let me in Peace, in War, Supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a Guide.

Let

Let me (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and *swells* behind a cloud,
As if the Sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
Less Grace, less Glory, shining ev'ry day;
Tho' when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a Ghost, she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor, at her presence, tho' base Myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of Dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks, which speak a little Heart)
Know (which few Kings alas! have ever known)
How Affability becomes a Throne,
Destroys all fear, bids Love with Rev'rence live,
And gives those Graces Pride can never give.
Let the stern Tyrant keep a distant state,
And, heating all Men, fear return of Hate,
Conscious of Guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own,
Let all my Subjects have access to Me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full, fair tide, let Information flow,
That evil is half cur'd, whose cause we know.

And thou, wheree'er thou art, thou wretched
Thing,
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redress thee, may my Reign
Close

Close up that very Moment——to prevent
The course of JUSTICE, from her fair intent,
In vain my nearest, dearest friend shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel——my soul may bleed,
But must not change——When JUSTICE draws
the dart,

Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a Fav'rite's Heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim——
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

INDEPENDENCE.

INDEPENDENCE

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the *Bard* (tho' few such *Bards* we
find)
Who' 'bove controulment dares to speak his mind,
Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
o Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike fail,
When, sweeping onward with her Peacock's tail,
QUALITY, in full plumage, passes by ;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the Puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those Slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the nine Sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain ;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of Virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd Apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like ELI's Sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink thro' all the land,
Have

Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
 For the support of great, but guilty men,
 Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
 Inferior to that thing we call a *Lord*.

† What is a *Lord*? doth that plain, simple word
 Contain some magic spell? as soon as heard,
 Like an Alarum Bell on Night's dull ear,
 Doth It strike louder, and more strong appear
 Than other Words? whether we will or no,
 Taro' Reason's Court doth It unquestion'd go
 E'en on the mention, and of course transmit
 Notions of something excellent, of Wit
 Pleasing, tho' keen, of Humour free, tho' chaste,
 Of sterling Genius with sound Judgment grac'd,
 Of Virtue far above temptation's Reach,
 And Honour, which not malice can impeach?
 Believe it not—'twas NATURE's first intent,
 Before their rank became the'r punishment,
 They should have pass'd for Men, nor blush'd to prize
 The blessings she bestow'd—She gave them eyes,
 And They could see—She gave them ears—they
 heard —

The Instruments of stirring, and they stirr'd—
 Like Us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
 To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think.
 Till They, by Pride corrupted, for the sake
 Of Singularity, disclaim'd that make,
 Till They, disdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
 Flew off, and struck into another road,

More

More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
 Came forth a Species altogether new,
 Something We had not known, and could not know,
 Like nothing of God's making here below,
 NATURE exclaim'd with wonder——*Lords* are
 Things,
 Which, never made by Me, were made by Kings.

A *Lord* (nor let the honest, and the brave,
 The true, Old Noble, with the Fool and Knave
 Here mix his fame; curs'd be that thought of mine,
 Which with a B— and F— should GRAFTON join)
 A *Lord* (nor here let Censure rashly call
 My just contempt of some, abuse of all,
 And, as of *late*, when SODOM was my theme,
 Slander my purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,
 Because she stops not, rapid in her song,
 To make exceptions as She goes along,
 Tho' well She hopes to find, another year,
 A whole MINORITY exceptions here)
 A mere, mere *Lord*, with nothing but the name,
 Wealth all his Worth, and Title all his Fame,
 Lives on another man, himself a blank,
 Thankless he lives, or must some Grandfire thank,
 For smuggled Honours, and ill gotten pelf;
 A *Bard* owes all to Nature and Himself.

Gods, how my Soul is burnt up with disdain,
 When I see Men, whom PHOEBUS in his Train
 Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of those
 Whom Genius ranks amongst her greatest foes!

And

And what's the cause? why these same sons of scorn,
 No thanks to them, were to a Title born,
 And could not help it; by Chance hither sent,
 And only Deities by accident.

Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine
Their birthright honour's had been *your's*, or *mine*.

'Twas a mere random stroke, and should the Throne
 Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
 Thou, tho' a Bard, might'st be their fellow yet,
 But FELIX never can be made a Wit.

No, in good faith — that's one of those few things
 Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of Kings.
 Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
 Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.

A Bard — *A Lord* — Why let them hand in hand
 Go forth as Friends, and travel thro' the land,
 Observe which word the People can digest
 Most readily, which goes to market best,
 Which gets most credit, Whether Men will trust
A Bard because they think he may be just,
 Or on a *Lord* will chuse to risque their gains,
 Tho' *Privilege* in that point still remains.

A Bard — *A Lord* — let REASON take her Scales,
 And fairly weigh those Words, see which prevails,
 Which in the ballance lightly kicks the beam,
 And which by sinking We the Victor deem.

'Tis done, and HERMES, by command of Jove,
 Summons a Synod in the sacred grove,

Gods

Gods throng with Gods to take their chairs on high,
 And sit in state, the Senate of the Sky,
 Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
 Men stare at those above, and want to know
 What They're transacting; REASON takes her stand
 Just in the midst, a ballance in her hand,
 Which o'er and o'er She tries, and finds it true;
 From either side, conducted full in view,
 A Man comes forth; of figure strange and queer;
 We now and then see something like them here.

The *First* was meager, flimsy, void of strength,
 But Nature kindly had made up in length,
 What She in breadth denied; Erect and proud,
 A head and shoulders taller than the croud,
 He deem'd them pygmies all; loose hung his skin
 O'er his bare bones; his Face so very thin,
 So very narrow, and so much beat out,
 That Physiognomists have made a doubt,
 Proportion lost, Expression quite forgot,
 Whether It could be call'd a face, or not;
 At end of it howe'er unblest'd with beard,
 Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd;
 With Legs, which we might well conceive that
 Fate

Meant only to support a spider's weight,
 Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride
 Which shew'd at once his weakness and his pride,
 Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
 Observe, good People, how I shake the sky.

In

In his right hand a Paper did He hold,
 On which, at large, in characters of gold,
 Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint ARCHIBALD had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
 This, with an air of scorn, He from afar
 Twirl'd into *REASON's* scales, and on that Bar,
 Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
 Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
 The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
 Each Goddess titter'd, each God laugh'd, *Jove*
 star'd,
 And the whole People cried, with one accord,
 Good Heaven blefs us all, is *That a Lord!*

Such was the *First*—the *Second* was a man,
 Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
 A *Bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
 His Dam despis'd, and left *unlick'd* in scorn;
 A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art outdone,
 She could not finish when She had begun;
 An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
 But that of God could strike one spark of light.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade
 A H—— might at full length have laid;
 Vast were his Bones, his Muscles twisted strong,
 His Face was short, but broader than 'twas long,
 His Features, tho' by Nature they were large,
 Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
 And bury meaning, save that we might spy
 Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;

His

His Arms were two twin Oaks, his Legs so stout
That they might bear a Mansion House about,
Nor were They, look but at his body there,
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.

O'er a brown *Cassock*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and aukward to behold
He threw a covering of *Blue* and *Gold*.
Just at the time of life, when Man by rule,
The Fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a Fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another HERCULES, turn'd *Beau*.
A Subject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
HOGARTH would draw him (Envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was HOGARTH living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a Porpoise just before a storm,
Onward He roll'd; a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was seen to smiler; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his Youth
Himself he studied by the glass of Truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor shall the Gods condemn
If, whilst They laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge REASON view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd thro' his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale the name of *Bard*.

Then

Then (for She did as Judges ought to do,
 She nothing of the case before-hand knew,
 Nor wish'd to know, She never stretch'd the laws,
 Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
 Compell'd Solicitors no longer free,
 To shew those briefs She had no right to see)
 Then She with equal hand her scales held out,
 Nor did the Cause one moment hang in doubt,
 She held her scales out fair to public view;
 The *Lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
 More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
 The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his state,
 REASON approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
 Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground
 Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree,
 Cried—Those must Honour *Them*, who honour *Me*,
 They from this present day, where'er I reign,
 In their own right, Precedence shall obtain,
Merit rules here, Be it enough that *Birth*
 Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth.

Nor think that here, in hatred to a Lord,
 I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
 Search when You will (I am not now in sport)
 You'll find it register'd in REASON's Court.

Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,
 That I depreciate what I most admire,
 And look on titles with an eye of scorn
 Because I was not to a title born.

By

By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satisfied, to have a croud
Point at me as I pass, and cry,—that's He—
A poor, but honest Bard, who dares be free
Amidst Corruption, than to have a train
Of flick'ring Levee slaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for ; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye ;
When I am less than Man, my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am something more.

Recall past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great Noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when He dar'd
Things which his legal Bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit ; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of Justice, Just,
Well-knowing All, and lov'd by All he knew,
True to his King, and to his Country true,
Honest at Court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain,
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use,
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours, which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim,
When the grim War was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the Lion roaring for his prey,

Or Lions of royal whelps foredone,
 In Peace, as mild as the departing Sun,
 A gen'ral blessing wherefoe'er he turn'd,
 Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd,
 Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
 A Father of the Poor a Friend to All,
 Recall such times, and from the grave bring back
 A Worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack,
 My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
 And ev'ry Muse conspire to swell his fame,
 Till Envy shall to him that praise allow,
 Which She cannot deny to TEMPLE now.

This Justice claims, nor shall the Bard forget,
 Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
 To pay it like a Man, and in his lays,
 Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
 But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,
 And think that empty Titles are my Theme,
 Titles, with Me, are vain, and nothing worth,
 I rev'rence Virtue, but I laugh at Birth.
 Give me a Lord, that's honest, frank, and brave,
 I am his friend, but cannot be his slave.
 Tho' none indeed but Blockheads would pretend
 To make a slave, where they may make a friend.
 I love his Virtues, and will make them known,
 Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
 Give me a Lord, who, to a Title born,
 Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.

What,

What, shall my Pride (and Pride is Virtue here)
 Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
 Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
 To such a shadow of Nobility,
 A Shred, a Remnant; he might rot unknown
 For any real merit of his own,
 And never had come forth to public note,
 Had He not worn by chance his Father's coat?
 To think a M—— worth my least regards
 Is treason to the *Majesty of Bards*.

By NATURE form'd (when for her Honour's
 sake

She something more than common strove to make,
 When, overlooking each minute defect,
 And all too eager to be quite correct,
 In her full heat and vigour, she imprest
 Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)
 The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
 Those little, piddling Witlings, who o'erween
 Of their small parts, the MURPHYS of the stage,
 The MASONS and the WHITEHEADS of the age,
 Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
 And drawl out measur'd prose, which They call
 verse)

The real *Bard*, whom native Genius fires,
 Whom ev'ry Maid of Castaly inspires,
 Let him consider wherefore he was meant,
 Let him but answer Nature's great intent,
 And fairly weigh himself with other men,
 Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,

Would in full state, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor bate one inch of his *Prerogative*.

Methinks I see old WINGATE frowning here,
(WINGATE may in the season be a Peer,
Tho' now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
E'en whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old Cloaths to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* Bob turn'd to a dress'd Bag Wig)
I hear him cry—What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever such a damn'd dull Blockhead seen?
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative—Disdain
Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and straw—
I'm very sensible he's mad in Law.
A satcy Groom who trades in Reason, thus
To set himself upon a *Par* with us;
If this *here's* suffer'd, and if that *there* fool
May when he pleases send us all to school,
Why then our only business is outright
To take our caps, and bid the World good night.
I've kept a *Bard* myself *this* twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears.
He, like a thorough true-bred Spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which
kicks,
He fetches, and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse,

A Crea-

A Creature of the right Camelion hue,
 He wears my colours, yellow or true Blue,
 Just as I wear them ; 'tis all one to him,
 Whether I change thro' conscience, or thro' whim.
 Now this is something like, on such a plan
 A *Bard* may find a friend in a great Man ;
 But this proud Coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that
 All
 Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old PAUL*.

Injurious Thought ! accursed be the tongue
 On which the vile insinuation hung,
 The heart where 'twas engender'd, curs'd be those,
 Those *Bards*, who not themselves alone expose,
 But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
 By which They're call'd, a standing mark of
 shame.

Talk not of Custom—'tis the Coward's plea,
 Current with Fools, but passes not with me ;
 An old stale trick, which guilt hath often tried
 By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.
 Why tell me then that from the birth of Rhime,
 No matter when, down to the present time,
 As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the Great,
 Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
 As Vines to Elms, and twining round their stem,
 Flourish'd on high ; to gain this wish'd support
 E'en VIRGIL to MÆCENAS paid his court,
 As to the Custom 'tis a point agreed,
 But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,

From which it rose ; Had *Bards* but truly known
 That Strength, which is most properly their own,
 Without a *Lord*, *unpropp'd*, They might have
 stood,
 And overtopp'd those Giants of the wood.

But why, when present times my care engage,
 Must I go back to the *Augustan* age ?
 Why, anxious for the living, am I led
 Into the mansions of the antient dead ?
 Can They find Patrons no where but at ROME,
 And must I seek MÆCENAS in the tomb ?
 Name but a WINGATE, twenty Fools of note
 Start up, and from report MÆCENAS quote ;
 Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
 Forgetting that MÆCENAS was a *Knight* ;
 They mention him as if to use his name
 Was in some measure to partake his fame,
 'Tho' VIRGIL, was he living, in the street
 Might rot for them, or perish in the *Fleet*.
 See how 'They redden, and the charge disclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*—forbid it Shame.
 Hence, Ye vain Boasters, to the *Fleet* repair,
 And ask, with blushes ask, if LLOYD is there.

Patrons, in days of yore, were Men of Sense,
 Were Men of Taste, and had a fair pretence
 To rule in Letters—Some of Them were heard
 To read off-hand, and never spell a word ;
 Some of them too, to such a monstrous height
 Was Learning risen, for themselves could write,

And

And kept their Secretaries, as the Great
Do many other foolish things, for State.

Our Patrons are of quite a diff'rent strain,
With neither Sense nor Taste, against the grain,
They patronize for fashion sake—no more—
And keep a *Bard*, just as They keep a *Whore*.
M—— (on such occasion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deserve their *Clergy* by their *Creed* ;
Others can write, but such a *Pagan* hand
A *WILLES* should always at our elbow stand ;
Many, if begg'd, A *Chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight.
'Those who stand fairest to the public view
Take to themselves the praise to others due,
They rob the very *Spital*, and make free
With those alas who've least to spare — We see,
—— hath not had a word to say,
Since Winds and Waves bore *SINGLESPEECH*
away.

Patrons in days of yore, like Patrons now,
Expected that the *Bard* should make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that They were more than men,
But, like the Patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the Poet of his pay.
VIRGIL lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
MÆCENAS fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,

Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
 In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
 HORACE lov'd wine, and, thro' his friend at Court,
 Could buy it off the Key in ev'ry port ;
 HORACE lov'd mirth, MÆCENAS lov'd it too,
 They met, they laugh'd, as GOY and I may do,
 Nor in those moments paid the least regard
 To which was *Minister*, and which was *Bard*.

Not so our Patrons — grave as grave can be,
 They *know themselves*, They keep up *dignity* ;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
 That Men of fortune rank with men of Wit ;
 Wit if familiar made, will find her strength —
 'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length,
 'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if Patrons give,
 From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
 Such is their language, and their practice such,
 They promise little, and they give not much.
 Let the weak *Bard*, with prostituted strain,
 Praise that proud SCOT, whom all good men
 disdain ;

What's his reward ? Why, his own fame undone,
 He may obtain a patent for the run
 Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
 With offal fed, to court the Cook in rhyme,
 Or (if he strives true Patriots to disgrace)
 May at the *second* Table get a place,
 With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
 And play at CRAMBO o'er his gill of wine.

And

INDEPENDENCE. 177

And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's file
 Stand rank'd as Men, who breathe in this fair Isle
 The air of Freedom, with so little gall,
 So low a Spirit, prostrate thus to fall
 Before these Idols, and without a groan
 Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a
 stone?

Better, and much more noble, to abjure
 The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
 From all the outrages of pride, to feast
 On Nature's fallads, and be free at least.
 Better (tho' that, to say the truth, is worse
 Than almost any other modern curse)
 Discard all Sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
 Critics commence, and write in the *Reviews*,
 Write without tremor, GRIFFITHS cannot read;
 No Fool can fail, where LANGHORNE can succeed.

But (not to make a brave and honest Pride
 Try those means first, She must disdain when tried)
 There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
 By which, and fairly Men of real parts
 May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
 Let Those, who pine for more, live, and be
 slaves.

Our real wants in a small compass lye,
 But lawless Appetite with eager eye,
 Kept in a constant Fever, more requires,
 And we are burnt up with our own desires.
 Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry springs;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.

H 5

Ourselves

Ourselves are to Ourselves the cause of ill;
 We may be Independent, if we will.
 The Man who suits his Spirit to his state
 Stands on an equal footing with the Great.
 MOGULS themselves are not more rich, and He
 Who rules the English nation, not more free.
 Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
 For *Bards* than others, but They've worn them
 long,

And therefore wear them still, Theyv'e quite forgot
 What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
 Could They, tho' in their sleep, could They but
 know

The blessings which from INDEPENDENCE flow,
 Could They but have a short and transient gleam
 Of LIBERTY, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
 They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
 But, once made Freemen, would be always free.
 The Muse if she one moment freedom gains,
 Can never more submit to sing in chains.
 Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
 The bird repays his keeper with his song,
 But, if some playful child sets wide the door,
 Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
 With love of Liberty begins to burn,
 And rather starves than to his cage return.

Hail, INDEPENDENCE — by true Reason taught,
 How few have known, and priz'd Thee as They
 ought.

Some

INDEPENDENCE. 179

Some give Thee up for riot ; Some, like Boys,
 Resign Thee, in their childish moods, for toys
 Ambition some, some Avarice misleads,
 And in both cases INDEPENDENCE bleeds ;
 Abroad, in quest of Thee, how many roam
 Nor know They had Thee in their reach at home ;
 Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
 Have never had the Sense to find Thee out ;
 Others, who know of what They are possess'd,
 Like fearful Misers, lock Thee in a chest,
 Nor have the resolution to produce
 In these bad times, and bring Thee forth for use.
Hail, INDEPENDENCE — tho' thy name's scarce
 known,

Tho' Thou, Alas ! art out of fashion grown,
 Tho' All despise Thee, I will not despise,
 Nor live one moment longer than I prize
 Thy presence, and enjoy ; by angry Fate
 Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, *Thou* cam'st,
 tho' late,

Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
 And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, INDEPENDENCE — never may my Cot,
 'Till I forget Thee, be by Thee forgot ;
 Thither, O Thither, oftentimes repair ;
 COTES, whom Thou lovest too, shall meet Thee
 there ;

All thoughts but what arise from joy, give o'er ;
 PEACE dwells within, and LAW shall guard the
 door.

O'er-

O'erweening Bard! LAW guard thy door, what
LAW?

The LAW of ENGLAND — To controul and awe
Those saucy hopes, to strike that Spirit dumb,
Behold, in State, ADMINISTRATION come.

Why let Her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all She dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh She may controul
With iron ribs, She cannot chain my Soul.
No — to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, an *Independent* there.

Where is this Minister? where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst Law is to be done,
Doth — — sleep; doth Bloodhound — run
To L — — —, and worry those small deer
When he might do more precious mischief here?
Doth — turn tail? dot he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth — — —, at G — — d kick'd, from G — — d run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his Son,
And, his more honest rival, KETCH to cheat
Purchase a burial place where three ways meet?

Believe

Believe it not; — is — still,
And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill;
— doth lesser mischiefs by the bye,
The great Ones till the Term in *Petto* lie;
— lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the Hangman of his due.

O my poor COUNTRY—weak and overpow'r'd
By thine own Sons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By Vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
And, for myself not feeling, feel for *Thee*.
I grieve, but can't despair—for, Lo, at hand
FREEDOM presents a choice, but faithful band
Of *Loyal* PATRIOTS, Men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause, Men fit to bear
The weight of Empires; *Fortune, Rank, and Sense,*
Virtue and Knowledge, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,
March in their ranks; FREEDOM from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest Sons, whilst down her cheek,
As 'twere by stealth (her heart too full to speak)
One Tear in silence creeps, one honest Tear,
And seems to say, Why is not GRANBY here?

O Ye brave *Few*, in whom we still may find
A Love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
Go forth—in Majesty of Woe array'd,
See, at your feet Your COUNTRY kneels for aid,
And

And, (many of her children traitors grown,)
Kneels to those Sons She still can call her own,
Seeming to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for Freedom, or She begs for Death—
Fly then, each duteous Son, each English Chief,
And to your drooping Parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the Siren voice of ease
Tempt Ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning Prophet, cross your way,
When your great Errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all She meets,
Trembling and pale—A Lion in the streets—
Damp your free Spirits; let not threats affright,
Nor Bribes corrupt, nor Flatteries delight.
Be as One Man—CONCORD success ensures—
There's not an English heart but what is Your's.
Go forth—and VIRTUE, ever in your fight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the Champions of your native land,
And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, it Must—Ye cannot be withstood—
Be your Hearts honest, as your Cause is good.

THE

THE
JOURNEY:
A
FRAGMENT.

SOME of my *Friends* (for *Friends* I must suppose
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my *Friends* (so lavishly I print)
As more in sorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of Genius out,
My no great stock, and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a Bankrupt at the last.

“ The Husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
“ Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
“ More than a hundred fold, which swells his store
“ E'en to his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
“ By

No Muse shall tempt me with her Siren lay,
 Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way.
 Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that Friend,
 Who in my hearing shall a Rime commend.

It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
 Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
 Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
 But e're I write one sentence, Verse creeps in,
 And taints me thro' and thro'; by this good light
 In Verse I talk by day, I dream by night;
 If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
 Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rime.
 E'en now I err, in spite of Common Sense,
 And my Confession doubles my offence.

Rest then my *Friends*—spare, spare your precious
 breath,
 And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
 Perturbed Spirits rest, nor thus appear
 To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear,
 On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
 Nor e'en in verse become *OEconomist*;
 Rest then my *Friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
 Let Envy, in the shape of Pity, rise
 To blast me e'er my time; with patience wait,
 ('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
 Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry Son of phlegm
 Find ample room to censure and condemn.
 Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task;
 But probably the last that I shall ask)

And

186 THE JOURNEY.

And give me up for ever ; wait one hour,
Nay not so much, Revenge is in your pow'r,
And Ye may cry, e'er Time hath turn'd his glass,
Lo! what *We* prophesied is come to pass.

Let Those, who Poetry in Poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame ;
Let Those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
Return me thanks for half a crown well sav'd ;
Let Those, who love a little gall in rime,
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time ;
Let Those, who, void of Nature, look for Art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart ;
Let Those, who energy of diction prize,
For BILLINGSGATE quit FLEXNEY, and be
wise ;

Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
The Subject not less simple than the lay ;
A plain, unlabour'd journey of a Day.

Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill
Behold their Bard in such a Dishabille,
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let Them caress some dearer son of Rime,
Let Them, as far as Decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with Wits,
'Gainst Fools be guarded ; 'ts a certain rule,
Wits are safe things, there's danger in a Fool.

Let

Let Them, tho' modest, GRAY more modest
 wooe ;
 Let Them with MASON bleat, and bray, and
 cooe ;
 Let Them with FRANKLIN, proud of some small
 Greek,
 Make Sophocles, disguis'd, in English speak ;
 Let Them with GLOVER o'er Medea doze ;
 Let Them with DODSLEY wail Cleone's woes,
 Whilst He, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
 Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping Peers ;
 Let Them with simple WHITEHEAD, taught to
 creep
 Silent and soft, lay FONTENELLE asleep ;
 Let Them with BROWNE contrive, no vulgar
 trick,
 To cure the dead, and make the living sick ;
 Let Them in Charity to MURPHY give
 Some old French piece, that he may steal and live ;
 Let Them with *antick* FOOTE subscriptions get,
 And advertise a Summer-house of Wit.

Thus, or in any better way They please,
 With these great Men, or with great Men like
 these,
 Let them their appetite for laughter feed ;
 I on my Journey all Alone proceed.

If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r
 With *bum'rous* SCOTS let Them disport their
 hour ;

Let

Let Them dance, fairy like, round OSSIAN's
tomb;

Let Them forge *lies*, and *histories* for HUME;

Let Them with HOME, the very Prince of verse,
Make something like a Tragedy in *Erse*;

Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil

Let Them with OGILVIE spin out a tale

Of rueful length; Let Them plain things obscure,

Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor

Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;

With ev'ry pert, prim Prettiness of Youth

Born of false Taste, with Fancy (like a Child

Not knowing what It cries for) running wild,

With bloated Stile, by Affectation taught,

With much false Colouring, and little Thought,

With Phrases strange, and Dialect decreed

By Reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,

With Words, which Nature meant each other's
foe,

Forc'd to compound whether they will or no,

With such materials, Let Them, if They will,

To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,

Build up a Bard to war 'gainst Common Sense,

By way of Compliment to Providence;

Let Them with ARMSTRONG, taking leave of
Sense,

Read musty lectures on *Benevolence*,

Or conn the pages of his gaping *Day*,

Where all his former Fame was thrown away,

Where all, but barren labour, was forgot,

And the vain stiffness of a *Letter'd Scot*;

Let

THE JOURNEY. 189

Let Them with ARMSTRONG pass the term of
light,

But not one hour of darkness ; when the Night
Suspends this mortal coil, when Mem'ry wakes,
When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
A deep revenge, when, by Reflexion led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let ev'ry Muse be gone ; in vain He turns
And tries to pray for sleep ; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breast,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him
rest.

Tho' soft as Plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
INGRATITUDE hath planted daggers there,
No Good Man can deserve, no brave Man bear.

Thus, or in any better way They please,
With these great Men, or with great Men like
these,
Let Them their appetite for laughter feed ;
I on my Journey all Alone proceed.

F I N I S.



N O T E S
ON THE
R O S C I A D.
VOL. I.

PAGE 4. l. 10. In self-conceit an actor, bribes
with tea.

In order to evade the act of parliament, Foote called his
morning entertainments Giving Tea.

P. 5. l. 9. For JOHNSON.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of The Rambler.

Ib. l. 23. A pert prim prater of the northern race.

The voice of Calumny gave this portrait to A. Wedder-
burne, Esq; who, in 1778, was made Attorney General. The
writer of this note is no judge of likenesses.

P. 9. l. 14. Live without sex, and die without a
name!

Curiosity will not quarrel with us for informing her, that the
name of the person to whom these severe lines allude was
Fitzpatrick.

P. 10. l. 14. In states let strangers blindly be pre-
ferr'd.

The future political satirist seems to break forth in this line.

P. 11. l. 6. Have we not Shakespeare? is not
JOHNSON ours?

Ben. Johnson.

Ib. l. 14. To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—
Lloyd.

The Critical Reviewers, in their wisdoms, informed the
world who was the author of The Rosciad, by transcribing the
latter half of this line—Who is it?—Lloyd.

P. 13. l. 20. And waken Mem'ry with a sleeping ode.

Mafon, at whom our Author's satire is levelled in almost all his writings, had published an Ode to Memory. See Mafon's Poems.

P. 16. l. 10. Looks like Tom Errand drefs'd in Clincher's clothes.

See Farquhar's Constant Couple.

P. 17. l. 26. And find that Nature's errors are my own.

The Poet has here made up a rod which will do for the satirist as well as the player.

P. 22. l. 7. Long from a nation ever hardly us'd. Ireland.

P. 23. l. 4. Whom dulness only kept from being mad.

"Great wits to madness sure are near ally'd."

Ib. l. 8. Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire?

The Auditor was the name of a periodical paper of politics.

Lord Bute was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury 29th May 1762; on the same day was published No. 1. of The Briton; No. 1. of The North Briton appeared June 5.; No. 1. of The Auditor June 10. Wilkes and his friends were supposed to be concerned in The North Briton, and Murphy in the other two papers. There is a deep stroke of politics upon record, which deserves to be remembered. The gentlemen concerned in the North Briton conveyed a letter to the conductor of the Auditor, reprobating the art of falsehood which had been employed to set every acquisition made by the treaty of peace in a contemptible light, and more particularly the acquisition of Florida, "than which," says the letter-writer, "I never saw a finer country. The only, at present, profitable tracts of Florida are certain large bogs, which produce an excellent kind of fuel, pretty much the same thing which in England is called Peat or Turf. Of this there is by far a greater quantity than would serve the inhabitants for firing, were they ten times more numerous. Now, Sir, it is a fact notoriously true, and of which I have been an eye-witness, that all kinds of fuel is extremely scarce in the West Indies; I don't

"don't mean for boiling the sugars, for with that the trash of
 "the sugar-cane abundantly supplies them, but for domestic
 "uses. The scarcity is such, that I can safely affirm not one
 "of the lower kind of planters has a comfortable fire in his
 "parlour or bed chamber: nay, even amongst the better sort,
 "I have seldom seen a good fire, though at the severest season
 "of the year.—Is it then a small advantage to add, and that
 "at a small rate, to the conveniencies and comforts of fel-
 "low-subjects, fellow-creatures, and fellow-Christians?"—

This curious epistle The Auditor immediately published in
 his 31st Number, taking merit to himself for printing it
 "exactly as he received it," that he might "throw all the
 "lights in his power upon the solid value of the advantages
 "procured by the late negociation." Before it appeared, the
 person who conducted the paper went out of Town; but, on
 his return, in order to be ready for the periodical day of pub-
 lication, he found the whole Town on fire with his Florida-
 turf. The North Briton reprinted the letter in his 30th Num-
 ber, with his best thanks to The Auditor for having so ob-
 ligingly inserted it. Florida turf burnt most violently; the
 situation was insufferable. The Auditor bore it as long as he
 could, but at last perished in the flames. The kindness of his
 correspondent reached beyond death, and thus inscribed his
 tomb, (the letter was signed *Viator*.)

Siste, Viator!

Deep in this *bog*, The Auditor *lies still*,
 His labours finish'd, and worn out his quill;
 His *fires* extinguish'd, and his works unread,
 In *peace* he sleeps with the forgotten dead:
 With heath and sedge, oh! may his tomb be drest,
 And his own *turf* lie light upon his breast.

Et quocunque volunt animum Auditoris agunto. HOR.

Ib. l. 19. Could authors butcher'd give an actor
 grace.

Certain Indian tribes are said to believe that all the good
 qualities of an enemy whom they butcher immediately become
 their own.

- P. 25. l. 2. And venal Legers puff their Murphy's name.

Murphy was supposed to be the author of The Public Leger.

- P. 27. l. 8. Gorgons and Hydras and Chymæras dire.

Milton.

- P. 36. l. 1. Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame.

The Poet finely hints, that fame and a smocking haunch operated upon the same sense.

- P. 42. l. ult. Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.

Unhappy for his country (if the theatre be of service to a nation's virtue) that while the pen is tracing this reflection, Garrick is taking possession of a grave near his own Shakespeare! He has quitted the chair, but left no equal in his place.

NOTES ON THE APOLOGY.

- P. 45 l. 3. Addressed to the Critical Reviewers.

Abuse is a common compliment between Authors and Critics, but the first stone is never thrown by the former. This poem was occasioned by the criticism which these Reviewing gentry published of the Rosciad. The ignorant malice of the critic deserved the pointed severity of the poet; yet it should not be forgotten that Churchill, Lloyd, and Colman, were supposed to have joined in a triumvirate, whose oppression was full as insufferable as the tyranny of any Review past, present, or future.

- P. 46. l. 29. To Hamilton's the ready lies repair—

The Printer of the Critical Review, who hires the best critics that can be had for two guineas per sheet.

- P. 47. l. 26. Who gives no quarter to his friend
Voltaire.

Voltaire

Voltaire also had been criticised (i. e. abused) in The Critical Review.

P. 50. l. 4. And all The Actor stares you in the face.

Lloyd wrote a poem so called. The Rosciad was said, in its title page, to be written "By the Author." The Critical Review discovered that the Author and the Actor were the same.

Ib. l. 5. By Colman that was written—

The criticism of The Rosciad spoke of certain *connoisseurs*, in wit. Colman was known to have been concerned in The Connoisseur.

P. 51. l. 10. Why—then the voice must speak again you know.

All the works ridicu'ed in this paragraph were Smollet's. The Desert Island, and The Naiads of Fleet Ditch, mentioned in the text, were Murphy's. It is but justice to add, that the Critical Reviewers, when they noticed our Poet's Apology, declared that Murphy never wrote a line in their Review, and that Smollet had assured the Apologist's friends he was not the author of the article which abused The Rosciad.

P. 55. l. 21. Is there a man, in vice and folly bred.

If the Poet were wrong in the man he took for the critic, then was this character misapplied. At any rate, allowance must be made for exaggeration. That caricature will never boast the strongest resemblance which is dashed out by the hasty hands of Anger and Revenge.

P. 56. l. ult. And hates the line where candour was forgot.

There was a passage or two of this kind in the first edition of The Rosciad, which the Review noticed, and the Poet afterwards omitted. The finest passage in Churchill's Works does him less credit than these six lines and this anecdote.

NOTE ON NIGHT.

This poem was written in defence of our Poet's moral character, and the irregular life of which his enemies accused him.

NOTE ON THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

P. 81. l. 27. My lord—to letters as to faith most true.

Lyttleton.

NOTES ON EPISTLE TO HOGARTH.

P. 108. l. 16. Because his worth was greater than my own.

This alludes to Pope's famous character of Atticus, said to have been published, if not written, after Addison's death.

P. 125. l. ult. Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

The painter, of course, revenged himself in caricature; but many an eye has read Churchill's Epistle which never saw Hogarth's Bruin. The last paragraph of the poem will not be forgotten when party-disputes shall cease to be remembered.

N O T E S

O N

THE CONFERENCE.

VOL. II.

P. 118. l. 9. Ah ! what, my Lord, hath private
life to do

With things of public nature ?—

In the Annual Register soon after Churchill's death, was published an Account of his life—Whatever were that life, these manly honest times are almost an excuse for it.

P. 120. l. 8. Be born a Whitehead——

This man, by his will, bequeathed his heart to Lord le Dispencer, so frequently celebrated in these pages by the name of D——d. The reader may form his own judgment of the value and propriety of the legacy.

P. 123. l. 6. The modest Norton——

Norton was at that time Attorney General.

NOTE ON THE DUELLIST.

P. 161. l. 6. Mark'd with a greyhound——

The King's messengers bear this emblematical badge of their swiftness,

N O T E S

ON

THE CANDIDATE.

VOL. III.

P. 25. l. 27. Would she at Winchester with Burton sleep.

Dr. Burton was the Master of Winchester College. Wilkes had a dispute with one even of Lord B——'s sons, who was at school there. See the North Briton, No. 21.

P. 29. l. 6. & seq. At M—— lies, &c.

Medenham Abbey was a large house near Marlow in Bucks. It was formerly a convent of Cistercian monks. Sir F——s D——d, Sir T——s S——n, P——l W——d, W——s, and others, to the number of twelve, rented the Abbey. Something may be conjectured of the life they led from these lines. If Churchill built them upon the relation of his friend W——s, the latter could only have learned the tale from report, for his morality of course quitted the Franciscans (so called from Sir, not St. Francis) before they deserved this lash from the satirist. Something more of the Holy Brotherhood may be seen in Chrysal, vol. iii. p. 170.

NOTE ON THE FAREWELL.

P. 54. l. 21. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.

She cannot starve if there was only Clive.

It should seem as if Satire had an inclination to make a substantial meal or two upon this rich Eastern dish, and succeeded; for we hear no more of Clive.

NOTE

NOTE ON INDEPENDENCE.

P. 177. l. 15. Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read.

Publisher of The Monthly Review.

NOTE ON THE JOURNEY.

P. 187. l. 11. Let them with Browne contrive, no vulgar trick,

To cure the dead, and make the living sick.

He wrote an ode, called The Cure of Saul.

T H E E N D.



